RADIO Television MIRROR

Two Magazines in One

July 25¢

GODFREY'S MARION MARLOWE

Guiding Light—Young Dr. Malone

BIG GENE AUTRY CONTEST!





Ed Sullivan, Toast of The Town Guests: Victor Borge, Frankie Laine Margaret Truman, Vaughn Monroe and Hedy Lamarr







H.E 8690
.R16

An "Orange Blossom" Skin

Your complexion is smoother—clearer, too—with your First Cake of Camay!



MRS. JACK STANTON,
the former Marian Richards of California, is a recent—and lovely—Camay Bride

Doesn't Marian Stanton look like a story-book princess? Her hair is the color of spun gold—her eyes are azure. Yes, and Marian has a complexion soft and lovely as any heroine of fiction. Her *first cake* of Camay brought romantic new beauty to her skin!

Say "Camay" and Marian's eyes sparkle. "Camay smooths and freshens your complexion so quickly," she confides to friends. "Why, when I changed to regular care and mild, gentle Camay—my very *first cake* brought a clearer, softer look to my skin!"

You'll be lovelier, too—when you change to regular care—use Camay alone. Camay's lather is rich and creamy—just the kind you need to wake the sleeping beauty of your skin. Use Camay—and a softer, clearer complexion will be your reward!



New beauty for all your skin!

Bathe with gentle, rich-lathering Camay, too—give all your skin a luxurious beauty treatment! The daily Camay Beauty Bath brings arms and back and shoulders that "beautifully cared-for" look. It touches you with Camay's flattering fragrance!

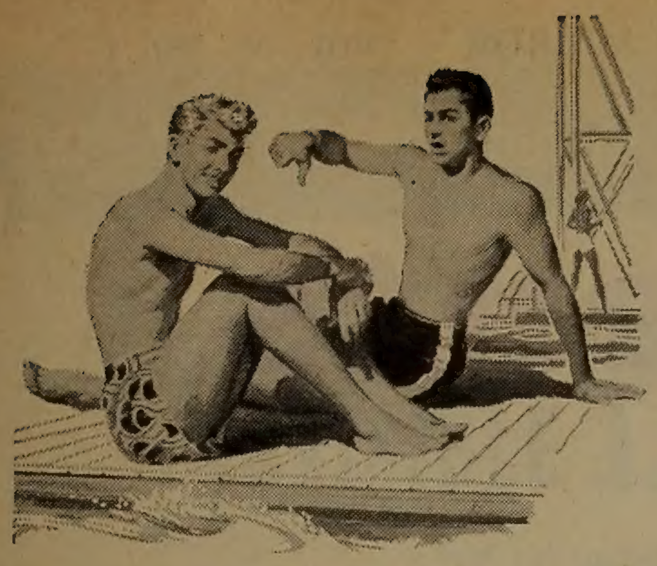
Mild and gentle Camay—there's nothing finer!

Camay's gentle, creamy lather is sheer delight to use—it's soft as satin to your skin. And remember this—the larger cake, the thrifty "Beauty-Bath" size, is Camay at its finest. Use it for more lather—more luxury—more of everything you like about Camay!



Camay

The Soap of Beautiful Women



"Let the tide take her out... I WON'T!"

WHAT A DAMNING thing to say about a pretty girl out to make the most of her holiday! Attracted by her good looks, men dated her once but never took her out a second time. And for a very good reason*. So, the vacation that could have been so gay and exciting, became a dull and dreary flop. And she, herself, was the last to suspect why.

How's Your Breath Today?

Unfortunately, you can be guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath) without realizing it. Rather than guess about this condition or run a foolish risk, why not get into the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic? Rinse the mouth with it night and morning, and between times before every date where you want to be at your best. It's efficient! It's refreshing! It's delightful!

To Be Extra-Careful

Listerine Antiseptic is the *extra-careful* precaution because it freshens and sweetens the breath . . . *not for mere seconds or minutes . . . but for hours, usually.* So, don't trust makeshifts which may be effective only momentarily . . . trust Listerine, the lasting precaution. It's part of your passport to popularity.

• • •

*Though sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such oral fermentation, and overcomes the odors it causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

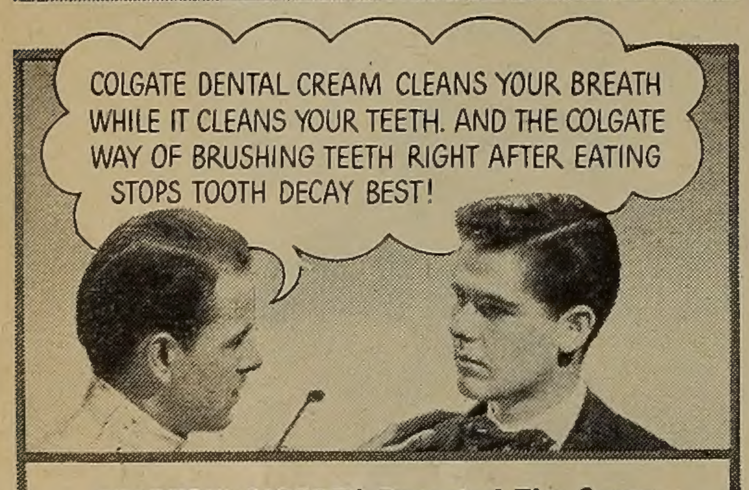


BEFORE ANY DATE... **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

... it's breath-taking!

RM 1





READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other dentifrice, ammoniated or not, offers such conclusive proof!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream





***YOU SHOULD KNOW!** While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the **only** toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

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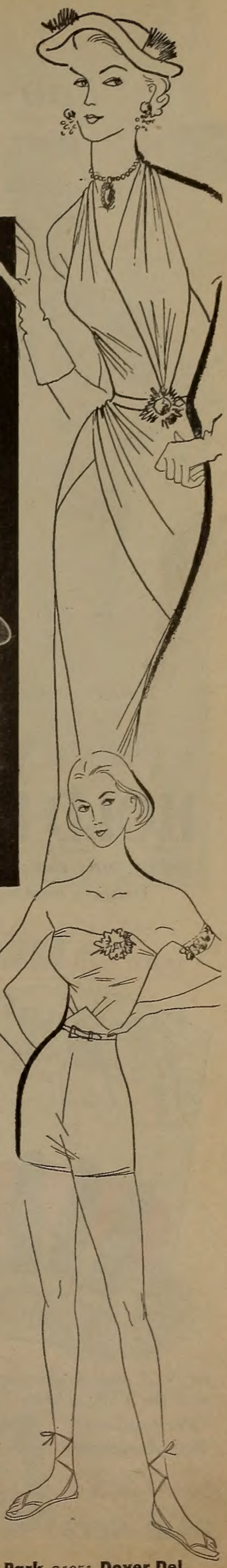
Member of The TRUE STORY Women's Group

Take the SIMMER out of SUMMER

For cool comfort, slimness-in-action, top designers suggest you wear

INVISIBLE PLAYTEX PINK-ICE





What's new? Shorter, narrow slacks—longer, slim shorts—sleek swimsuits—sheer, slim-draped dresses. Newest of all is your figure, in a Playtex Pink-Ice Girdle. Made by a new latex process, figure-slimming Pink-Ice is snowflake-light, daisy-fresh, dispels body heat. It's invisible, even under a swimsuit—it hasn't a seam, stitch or bone. Washes in seconds, dries with a towel.



BALMAIN, fabulous Paris couturier: "PLAYTEX slims and moulds you smoothly, in complete comfort, and it fits invisibly under all of your clothes."



CAROLYN SCHNURER, famous for casuals: "Slimness is no problem if you wear a PLAYTEX under everything. It slims you, melts the inches away!"



TINA LESER, New York originator: "To have this new, supple silhouette, wear a PLAYTEX—the girdle that slims you where you need slimming."



JEAN DESSÈS, Parisian designer: "I'm designing slimly draped, supple clothes, and I'm recommending PLAYTEX to be worn underneath them!"



TV

DAYTIME HIT!

FASHION MAGIC! featuring popular stars and famous fashion designers. CBS-TV Network, see local papers for time and channel.

Choose from the 3 most popular girdles in the world

PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRDLE
A new latex process. Light as a snowflake, fresh as a daisy, dispels body heat. SLIM, shimmering pink tube **$4.95** and **$5.95**

PLAYTEX FAB-LINED GIRDLE
With fabric next to your skin. You'll look slim and feel wonderfully comfortable. In SLIM golden tube . . **$5.95** and **$6.95**

PLAYTEX LIVING® GIRDLE
More figure-control, greater freedom than girdles costing over three times as much. In SLIM silvery tube . . **$3.95** and **$4.95**

At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere

Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large.
Extra-large size slightly higher.
Prices slightly higher in Canada and Foreign Countries

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for a

Gayla

hair-do

every day

all day



more women use

Gayla®

HOLD·BOB®

bobby pins than all other brands combined

SET CURLS EASIER

HOLD HAIR-DOS BETTER



for NEW hair-do glamour wear the NEW, modern

"Permanized" Run-Resistant

Gayla

HAIR NETS



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Fun of the month

Bing Crosby Show

Carpenter: That's what you need on the program, Bing—more *news.* Like Louella Parsons, Walter Winchell, Senator Kefauver . . .

Crosby: Wait a minute Ken. The Kefauver program is a quiz show. Why, they even had a mystery tune.

Carpenter: What was that?

Crosby: "How Could You Believe Me When I Said I Don't Remember When You Know I've Been A Liar All My Life."

Bing Crosby Show: Wednesday at 9:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

Elmer Davis

Elmer Davis, noted news commentator says: "French statesmen are like a deck of cards. They get reshuffled now and then, but the same faces turn up around the table only in a somewhat different order."

Elmer Davis presents the news M-F, 7:15 P.M. EDT, ABC.

The Jack Benny Show

Kitzel: My poor brother! Tomorrow his wife's relatives are coming from the East to visit him, and today he gets sick with the intentional flu.

Benny: No, no, Mr. Kitzel. That's intestinal flu.

Kitzel: It's intentional. You should see his wife's relatives!

The Jack Benny Show: Sunday at 7:00 P.M. EDT, over CBS.

Life With Luigi

Luigi: America is even bigger than a supermarket! Take the different states Kansas is got wheat, Minnesota is got corn, California is got fruit and Milwaukee is got beer! And one state, Kentucky, is even famous for hats. I always hear people talk about the Kentucky Derby.

Life With Luigi is heard Tuesday at 9:00 P.M. EDT, over CBS.

Ken Murray Show

Douglas Fairbanks Jr.: Ken, are you telling me you are the athletic type?

Ken Murray: How do you suppose I got in this shape?

Douglas Fairbanks Jr.: Carelessness, I guess.

Ken Murray Show: Saturday at 8:00 P.M. EDT, over CBS-TV.

We The People

Four zoot-suited teen-agers, members of the Brooklyn gang whose activities made headlines, fidgeted nervously as Dan Seymour introduced the evening's guests. Some of them were members of foreign nobility now employed at unusual jobs in the United States. "Tonight," said Seymour, "we have royalty with us, a glittering array of titled guests." "That's us, you guys," whispered one of the Brooklynites. Seymour continued his introduction, "Prince Nicolo Corsini . . . Count Igor Cassini—" "What's dis," interrupted one of the toughs, "what mob are dem bums wit'!"

We The People: Friday, 8:30 P.M. EDT. NBC-TV.



FORD BOND

ADVICE to aspiring radio announcers: learn to sing. That's how Ford Bond started twenty-eight years ago in Louisville, Kentucky, and Bond has just celebrated his twentieth anniversary as announcer with the same sponsor, Cities Service, over NBC. This marks the longest sponsor-announcer association in the history of radio.

"I entered radio via the singing route," he explains, "as did 99 per cent of all announcers in those days. At the age of five, I had started singing for yawning relatives gathered together on feast days."

In Ford's family circle, however, yawning must have been a sign of approval, for he was encouraged not only to continue his singing lessons, but also to add the study of the violin and the piano to his activities.

But music remained his prime interest and commanded so much of his time and thinking that he left college to accept a musical post with a commercial firm in the South.

In 1922, in Louisville, Bond accepted a singing and announcing offer with the local radio station. In eight years he progressed to general program executive, and left to join NBC in 1929.

In New York, Ford specialized in sports and news broadcasting, but among his assignments was the announcer's post for Cities Service. Now announcer for Band of America, Bond has remained through the changes in personnel and program format which have occurred under Cities Service sponsorship.

Bond married a Kentucky girl, Mary Elizabeth Ford, and they live in New York City. They have two children, teenagers Alice Marylyn and Reynolds Ford.

When he isn't busy with his announcing duties and his activities as head of Ford Bond Productions (transcribed radio programs), Bond is occupied with politics. A long-time friend of Thomas E. Dewey, Governor of New York, he has served as radio and television director of all of Dewey's Republican Party campaigns.



New finer Mum- more effective longer!

Now contains amazing new ingredient M-3 that protects underarms against odor-causing bacteria

When you're close to the favorite man in your life, be sure you *stay* nice to be near. Guard against underarm odor this new, *better* way!

Better, longer protection. Yes, new Mum with M-3 protects against bacteria that *cause* underarm odor. Doesn't give odor a chance to start.

Softer, creamier new MUM smooths on easily, doesn't cake. Gentle—contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

MUM's delicate new fragrance was created for Mum alone. And gentle new Mum contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste, no shrinkage—a jar lasts and *lasts!*



New MUM cream deodorant

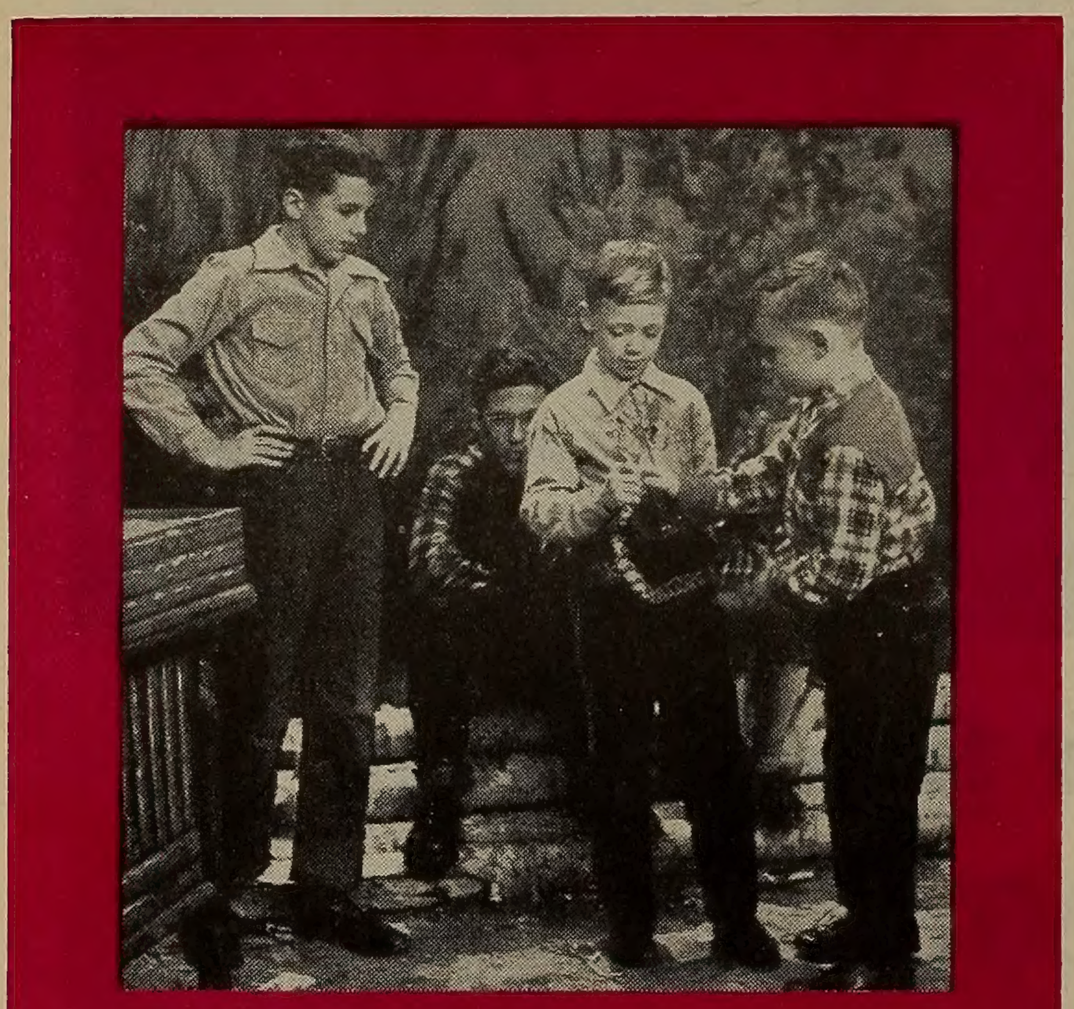
A Product of Bristol-Myers

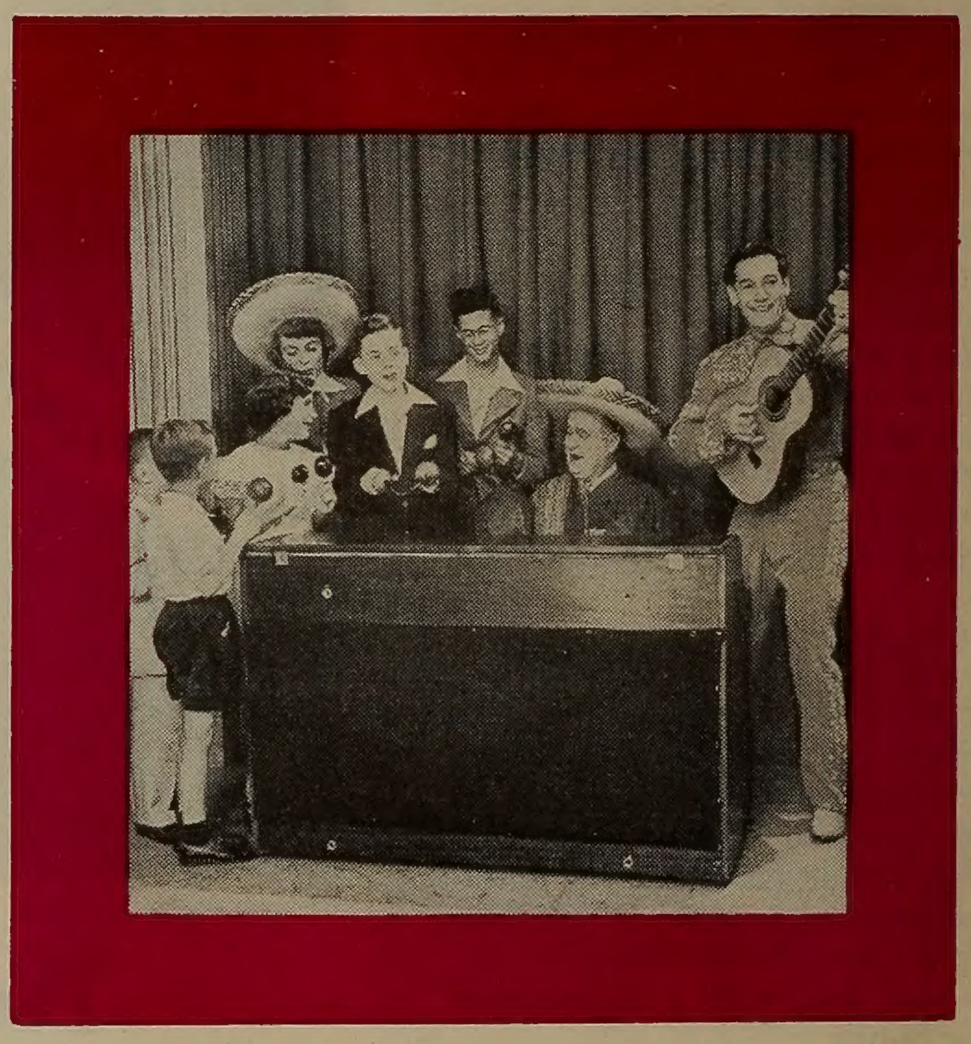
Build up protection with new MUM! Mum with M-3 not only stops growth of odor-causing bacteria—but keeps down *future* bacteria growth. Yes, you actually build up protection with regular exclusive use of new Mum! Now at your cosmetic counter.

R
M

Those quiz kids

Presenting the Quiz Kids
as good—and as bad as any other kids in
town—living proof that it's
fun to be smart





***Nothing** stuffy about these Quiz Kids! Here they join guest Tito Guizar in an impromptu jam session with a South of the Border flavor. That's Chief Quizzer Joe Kelly pounding away at the ivories.*

***Mike Mullin,** thirteen, the bring-em-back-alive Quiz Kid, instructs Melvin Miles and Harvey Dytch in the safe handling of this five-foot fox snake. Mike captured the snake on a recent camping trip.*



***Halloween** is still just Halloween, whether you're a Quiz Kid or not. (r) Frankie Vander Ploeg, Pat Conlon, Sally Ann Wilhelm, Lonny Dunde, Melvin Miles and Joe Kelly join in the costume party.*

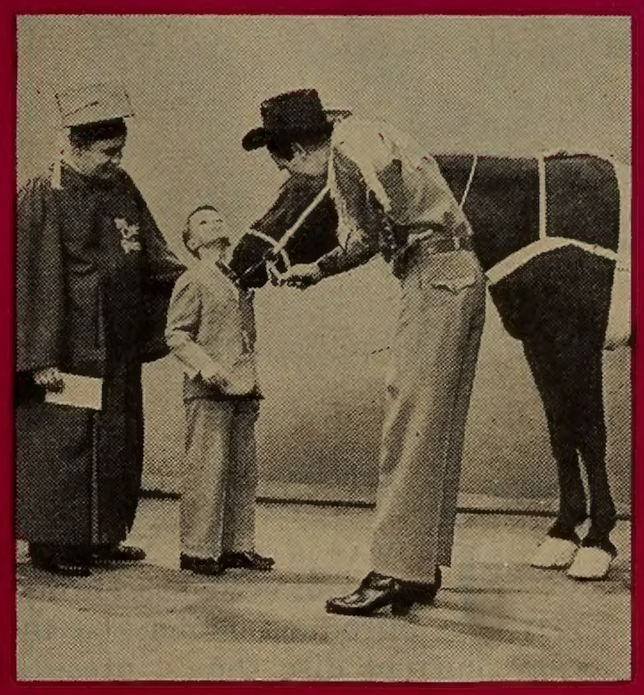


■ For the past decade, listeners to the popular NBC radio show have pictured a Quiz Kid as a bespectacled little monster isolated from the mischief and fun of a normal childhood. In vain, Chief Quizzer Joe Kelly insisted this was untrue—that such a sad creature would be as big a flop on the program as he was in real life—but the public refused to believe him.

Today that impression is due to change. With the show entirely converted to TV, it becomes obvious to viewers that the typical Quiz Kid has charm as well as intelligence. He's a child who gets along well with others, who applies his learning to everyday situations, and who has as much fun, if not more, than the average child.

The Quiz Kids are on NBC-TV, Friday at 8 P.M., EDT for Alka Seltzer.

***Twelve-year-old** Naomi Cooks plays a perfect Juliet to John Carradine's Romeo—and without any rehearsal!*





***Melvin Miles,** seven, may be scared to death of Bob Cavenaugh's educated mare, but he'd never show it. In fact, he's disappointed because the horse couldn't replace the tie.*



***It** takes a lot more than a saxophone duet with Tex Beneke to phase six-year-old Frankie Vander Ploeg.*

***Joel Kupperman** proves he can compute a math problem anywhere—even while taking a driving test.*



***There** was a grin on every Quiz Kid face as they were invited to board one of the original merry Oldsmobiles.*



Brad Phillips, referee of the Singing Battle Royal, finds a few spare moments in his four-hour WINS stint to prepare for his role as both student and professor.

platter spinning PROFESSOR

IT WAS a quiet Sunday morning, and the voice on the radio said, "And now, presenting The Singing Battle Royal." This inauspicious introduction marked the beginning of one of the most novel of the current disc shows, presided over by WINS disc jockey, Brad Phillips.

For the ordinary man a four-hour tour of duty in a small broadcasting booth, particularly on a Sunday, may seem like an interminable period; the inexhaustible Mr. Phillips, however, finds that it fits right into his schedule. For, in between spinning records and selling everything from television sets to trips to Florida, Brad makes up his classwork for the following week. Not content with one job, he is also a full-time professor at New York University.

A native New Yorker, thirty-two-year-old Brad Phillips studied dramatic arts at the University of Michigan. When his days at Ann Arbor were capped off by the presentation of the usual sheepskin, Brad was offered his own program, a fifteen-minute variety show in Detroit. Shortly thereafter Brad married.

With the advent of Pearl Harbor, Brad joined the Marines, seeing action at the Saipan invasion, Okinawa and duty in Japan. Returning to his family in California, he decided to pull a switch on Mr. Horace Greeley and headed east to the lucrative fields of radio and TV.

In New York he became associated with WQXR as staff announcer and did free lance radio and television work. Having appeared in over fifty television shows including Studio One, and Kraft Theatre, he set out to work on his Masters Degree at the N.Y.U. School of Education. Upon completion of his degree he was offered a professorship teaching radio and television technique.

In 1948 Brad was assigned as staff announcer on WINS and given the disc show he has now made famous. The interesting feature about the Battle Royal is that it presents no bands or female singers. Four hours of records of the top male singers of the day might sound monotonous, but present Pulse ratings quickly belie the fact.

A resident of Bayside, Long Island, Brad has increased his family to include four children. The boss of the house, as Brad is the first to admit, is Russell, a hearty five-month-old. Not content with his family, his announcing chores at WINS, and teaching stint at N. Y. U., the indefatigable Mr. Phillips is now working toward his doctorate at Columbia. When time (?) allows he hies over to the American Theater Wing to continue his dramatic courses, for as he claims, "I want to be as versatile as possible." It's possible!

Coming Next Month



Mary Margaret McBride: radio's one and only.

AUGUST has a way of sounding delightfully drowsy from this distance and you may very well plan to make it delightfully drowsy. But be sure to reserve a place in your hammock for the August RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR. There's nothing drowsy about *it* and at the very least you'll find it delightful. Starting off—and what could be a better way—is a story, with color pictures *plus* a cover picture, of radio's very own first lady, Mary Margaret McBride. Mary Margaret from child to celebrity with never-before revelations is a feature no true McBride fan will want to miss. Sharing the August cover with Mary Margaret is Gordon MacRae, the Railroad Hour's charming young singer. There's a story about Gordon, too, of course. It's written by his secretary who sees her boss from an entirely different but nevertheless fascinating viewpoint. Be sure to look for it in the August issue of RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR.

* * *

Have you ever been lonely, so terribly lonely that you wished there were one person who could make your loneliness just a little easier to bear? Well, there is one person who has done that for countless men she never even sees. She's known to these men as Lonesome Gal and the only way they know her is via her late evening radio show. You'll find pictures and a story on this unique young woman in next month's issue.

* * *

Also in August: A Young Widder Brown picture story; a special section devoted to Saturday morning TV shows; and an inspirational piece by Susan Peters; Tommy Bartlett; plus our regular features. Remember the date—Wednesday, July 11. Happy hammocking!



You, too, could be more **charming**
attractive
popular

Millions of women have found Odo-Ro-No a sure short cut to precious charm. For over 40 years we have conducted hundreds of tests on all types of deodorants. We have proved Odo-Ro-No safeguards your charm and attractiveness more effectively than any deodorant you have ever used.

- **Odo-Ro-No is the only cream deodorant guaranteed to stop perspiration and odor for 24 hours or double your money back.***
- **Odo-Ro-No is *the* deodorant that *stays* creamy longer—never gets gritty, even in open jar.**
- **No other cream deodorant is so harmless for fabrics.**
- **No other cream deodorant is safer for skin.**

**Double your money back if you aren't satisfied that new Odo-Ro-No Cream is the best deodorant you've ever used. Just return unused portion to Northam Warren, New York.*



New
ODO·RO·NO
CREAM

GUARANTEED *Full 24 Hour Protection*

RM 9

THE LOLLIPOP SET



EVERY Saturday morning at 9:30, the children of Boston receive an invitation from WCOP's Voltarine Block to hop aboard the "little red wagon painted blue." The Children's Songbag, crammed with stories, musical games and folk music from all over the world packs a studio full of excited small fry. The program gets off to a gay start with audience participation in the opening song. Then Voltarine may read one of the many stories that all children love or sing a song that is sung in a land across the sea.

A LOVABLE little fellow, just the size of a grape is also on hand to charm the youngsters at 10 o'clock Saturday mornings. Created and narrated by Robert Warren Katz, the Adventures of Professor Teeny, brings its young audience tales of a creature even smaller than they are who knows what it is like to live in a world full of big people. On hand to assist in the dramatization are Robert Katz's three sons, Bobby, Richard and David, and Miss Betty Leary. Katz, himself, now a successful attorney, was once an actor.

BETSY KING, ten-year-old disc jockey, starts the small fry day on Sundays at 8 A.M. with her program Let's Have Fun. For an hour-and-a-half Betsy spins the best in recorded children's stories and music, injecting her own youthful philosophy and chatter, and closing with a homespun but appropriate Sunday morning prayer. Betsy, who has been on radio since the time when she was smaller than the turntables she uses, spends several hours in the WCOP record library each week picking out the records she will use.

"UNCLE" Ellie Dierdorff, WCOP's chief announcer joins the fun on Sunday morning too. At 11:30 eager youngsters crowd around him as he says "Let's sit down and read the *Boston Globe* funnies." The wit of the comics sometimes takes a back seat, however, when the youngsters visiting the broadcast add their own unpredictable humor. All in all, WCOP's series of children's shows each weekend—which no member of the lollipop set would miss—are the answer to a busy Boston mother's prayer.

Does Motherhood Change A Woman's Life?



Althea Bigby is featured in The Brighter Day, on M-F, 2:45 P.M. EDT, CBS. Sponsored by P & G's Ivory Flakes.

Here are the names of those who wrote the best letters of advice to Althea Bigby in April's daytime radio drama problem

IN APRIL RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR reader-listeners were told Althea Bigby's story and asked whether motherhood changes a woman's life. The editors of RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR have chosen the best letters and checks have been sent to the following:

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS to Mrs. Alfred O. Williams, Richland, Michigan for the following letter:

Dear Althea:

Each day as I listen to your imprudent remarks to Liz concerning your forthcoming offspring, I am shocked. But, Althea, believe me, your self-pity and husband-hate will be completely healed after your little angel arrives.

Motherhood is the noblest state of woman's existence. It erases hatreds, warms cold hearts, forgives grievances, and engenders a sense of real responsibility. Love awakens you to a higher level of thinking, so you'll realize that your child's life, as a worthy citizen of our country, depends entirely upon the harmonious environment you create.

Althea, dear, I know—I'm a mother.

FIVE DOLLARS each for the five next-best letters in answer to the problem has been sent to:

Mrs. Charles Gabel
Trucksville, Pa.

Mrs. Charles Kahn
South Ozone Park, N. Y.

Mrs. James Truex
Warsaw, Indiana

Mrs. Camile S. Harris
Wynne, Arkansas

Mrs. Lyle H. Bancroft
Lansing, Michigan

How to Reduce This Common Sense Way

Sylvia of Hollywood has no patience with those who say they can't reduce. She says, "A lot of women think the beauties of the screen and stage are the natural born favorites of the gods. Let me tell you they all have to be improved upon before they are presented to the public. Yes, I know, you are going to come back at me and say, 'But look at the money they have to spend on themselves. It's easy to do it with money.'

"Let me tell you something else. I've been rubbing noses with money for a good many years now. Big money. Buckets of it. I've treated many moneyed women. But money has nothing to do with it. In most cases, money makes people soft. They get used to having things done for them and never do anything for themselves."



Want to be convinced? Watch those scales. They will talk in pounds. And watch that tape measure. It will talk in inches.

Here Sylvia explains what you can do for yourself to improve your figure. There is no magic about *The Common Sense Way* to a beautiful figure. But if you follow the suggestions Sylvia of Hollywood has for you in this book you may, perhaps, challenge the beauty of the loveliest movie star!

Sylvia of Hollywood Names Names

Sylvia of Hollywood has reduced scores of famous stage and screen stars—successfully. In this book Sylvia tells how she helped many of Hollywood's brightest stars with their figure problems. She names names—tells you how she developed this star's legs—how she reduced that star's waistline—how she helped another star to achieve a beautiful youthful figure. Perhaps your own figure problems are identical to those of your favorite screen star.

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Too Much Hips, Reducing Abdomen, Reducing the Breasts, Firming the Breasts, Fat, Pudgy Arms, Slenderizing the Legs and Ankles, Correcting Bowlegs, Slimming the Thighs and Upper Legs, Reducing Fat on the Back, Squeezing Off Fat. Enlarge Your Chest, Develop Your Legs — Off with That Double Chin! Slenderizing the Face and Jowls, Refining Your Nose. Advice For The Adolescent—The Woman Past Forty — The Personality Figure, Glamour Is Glandular, This Thing Called Love, Cure-For-The-Blues Department, Take a Chance!

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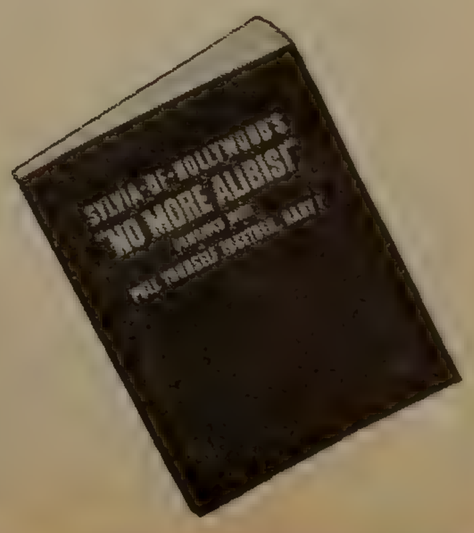
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Jim Hurlbut appears on Zoo Parade Sundays at 4:30 P.M. EDT, NBC-TV.

What July 4th Means

By

JIM HURLBUT

A 1951 newsman's version of the biggest scoop in our history



I DON'T suppose I've ever before actually stopped to consider just what July the 4th means to me. And perhaps, that, in itself, is significant. There are few countries in the world where independence can be taken for granted.

Besides that most obvious point, July 4th also means something else to me. It's the date of one of the greatest news stories of all times—July 4th, 1776.

What a day that must have been. What a day for reporters. Although Thomas Jefferson and his colleagues had approved the Declaration of Independence on July the 2nd, they did it all over again on the 4th for the benefit of the public.

I'll wager the legmen for the Philadelphia papers and the regular reporters assigned to the Independence Hall beat would gladly have sacrificed *all* their inalienable rights for the privilege of being able to utilize, if only for a few hours, all the methods of communication available to present-day reporters.

I can just see those knickered newsmen roaring out of the meeting room in Independence Hall and dashing for the telephones. I can see the long banks of telegraph tickers set up in a side room. Just behind them, long rows of correspondents sitting at tables and beating out copy a mile-a-minute on clattering typewriters, trying to take full advantage of the few hours of the visitation of the miracle. All of them beating those typewriters like mad. All but one. One poor guy I can see in my mind's eye is scribbling away with his long quill pen. Remember, there's always someone who doesn't get the word.



to Me

And suppose they had radio for a few hours. I imagine they'd catch on quickly on how to use it. I can see some colonial Morgan Beatty pushing his way through the meeting room, microphone in hand, trying to get to the side of John Hancock for a personal interview with the man who signed the precious document first. And Mo Beatty in knee pants and a powdered wig would be quite a sight, believe me.

Up on the roof, beside a bell tower, I can see an enterprising special events man —a revolutionary period Len O'Connor— who has scaled the slates to pick up the sound of that stirring peal to spread it, quite literally, the length and breadth of the land. The town crier down below looks definitely unhappy.

And television. What a story for television! The television news gentry would probably carry it even ahead of a bathing suit parade. And that would be a real concession. But certainly the ceremony in Independence Hall would top even the Kefauver Crime Investigating Committee hearings as television fare.

And, when you stop to think about it, there wouldn't be any Kefauver Committee if it hadn't been for what happened on July 4th, 1776. Further, in all likelihood there wouldn't be any of our modern methods of communication. And perhaps that's a basic factor in the significance of July the fourth.

Now that I think of it, I'd be willing to give up the modern tools of my trade just for the inestimable privilege of covering that story—just to see the birth of this great nation.

share the *deodorant secret* of famous stars!



Deodorant magic in a pad!
Dainty moistened pads you just ***apply*** *and* ***throw away!***

dab a pad!

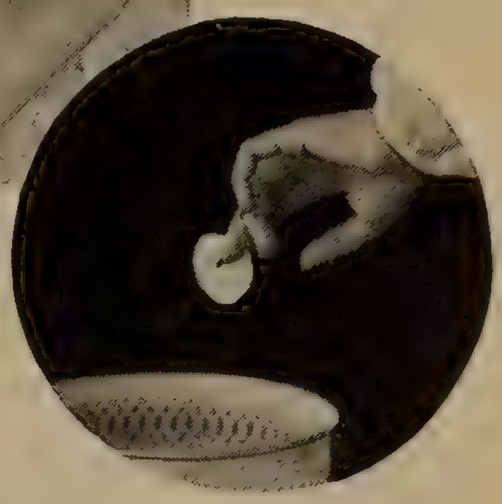
Nothing to smear on fingers or clothes with 5-DAY PADS. No drizzle! No clammy, sticky feeling! Not a spray. Not a cream. Not a liquid. No trickle down your sides. Complete penetration just where you want it.

Better than creams, sprays, liquids!

The women of the screen, TV and radio and the models who pose in fabulous gowns, must be as careful of the deodorant they use as they are of their make-up. For them, dry, odorless underarms are a professional must.

That's why so many of these popular women welcome the quicker, easier, cleaner 5-DAY PAD WAY that gives them the certainty of longer-lasting protection. So economical, too— scads of pads guaranteed to stay moist in the jar indefinitely. The cosmetic tax is much less, too. Buy a jar of 5-DAY PADS TODAY!

HARMLESS TO SKIN AND CLOTHES



Throw it away

With it you throw away hundreds of thousands of odor-forming bacteria that other types of deodorants leave under your arms. It's sheer magic!

5-day

DEODORANT PADS

25c 59c $1

Save on cosmetic tax. Only 6% instead of usual 20% on other types of deodorants.



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ONE MONTH'S SUPPLY FREE!

Enclosed find 10c to help cover cost of postage and handling.

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RT7 Offer expires in 60 days.

some sweltering summer day

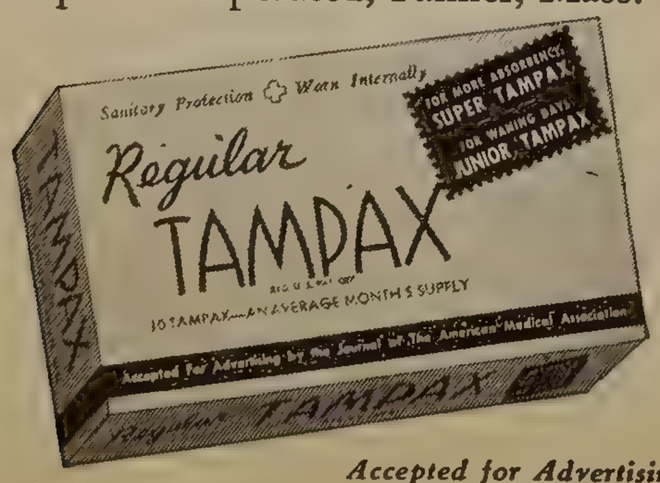


Perhaps the best time to become acquainted with Tampax is on a hot summer day. The difference *then* is almost startling. Here is monthly sanitary protection with no heat-dampened belt or pad—for Tampax is an *internal absorbent*. It is invisible and unfelt when in use. And O so clean!

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

A doctor invented Tampax to remove many of the monthly difficulties that trouble women. Since it is worn internally, there will be no bulging or chafing. Edge-lines won't show no matter how snug or sheer the clothing. *Odor can't form*....Tampax is made of long-fibered surgical cotton, firmly stitched for safety and compressed in efficient applicators. Easy to use and to change.

Are you aware that Tampax may be worn in swimming? That you can fit an average month's supply into your purse? That unfamiliar vacation circumstances will present no disposal problem? ...Don't let this summer go by without Tampax. Get it at drug store or notion counter. Three absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior—to suit individual needs. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

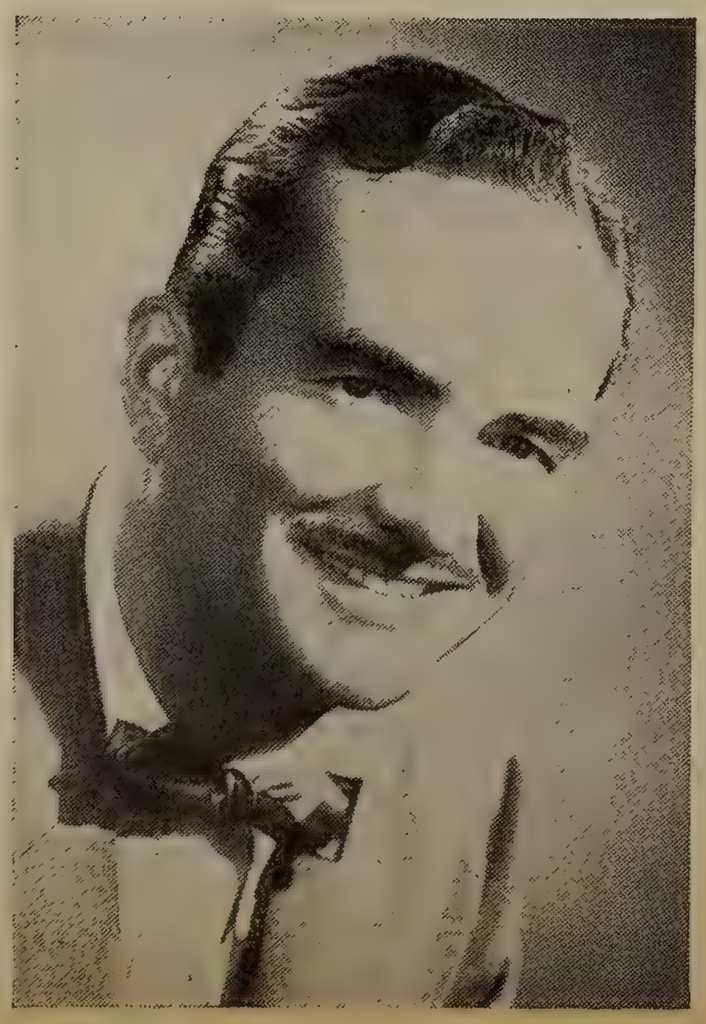
Who's who

Donald Curtis

You've seen or heard Donald Curtis in all forms of entertainment—theater, radio, movies and television—but it's television in which you have probably grown to know and like this tall, raw-boned hunk of man. Don was the male star of CBS-TV's Detective's Wife last summer and has since been featured on all the leading TV dramatic programs, such as Studio One, Lucky Strike Theater and Big Story.

Don came to New York in 1947 after eleven years in Hollywood. An ex-professor of dramatics and speech at Duquesne University, he turned actor when granted a Rockefeller Foundation Fellowship.

Married to TV agent Helen Keane, Don plans to try directing soon.



Julia Meade

"A girl doesn't have to wear a plunging neckline to keep her popularity rating from taking a dive in the same direction," says Dennis James in referring to Julia Meade. The James formula of conservatism has paid off well for his Gal Friday, who looks and acts like a Vassar co-ed. The James-Meade combo is now going into its third year on Okay Mother.

Julia, twenty-four, blonde and slim, was plucked from the cover girl profession when Dennis spied her photo in a magazine. "To me, Julia looked the part of the proverbial girl next door and the exact type I wanted for my show," recalls Dennis. His legions seem to agree one hundred percent.



in TV

Debonair Vinton Hayworth has played everything—from "con" man to irate husband to lover on shows such as Kraft Theater, Circle Theater, Studio One and Pulitzer Prize Playhouse, to mention just a few.

Vinton Hayworth

Although he is still remembered as Jack Arnold of Myrt and Marge radio days, very few people know that Vinton was one of the *real* pioneers in television. In 1930, Mr. Hayworth produced and directed the second dramatic show ever attempted on television, over WMAQ in Chicago, with Ireene Wicker as his star.

Vinton was around and ready when television came out of war storage in 1945, and has been turning in prizewinning portrayals ever since.



The name of Hank Sylvern goes all the way back to the early days of radio when he used to appear on WINS as the Phantom Organist. More recently, Hank Sylvern has come to the foreground as musical director on the Sam Levenson Show. Hank also arranges music for The Melodeers, vocal group featured on the same program. Although the fact is not so well known, Sylvern guides the destinies of many vocal groups including The Playboys Quartet which produced Alfred Drake.

Hank Sylvern

When Hank isn't supplying musical background for Suspense, This Is Show Business and other programs, he's penning music for the World Concert Orchestra.



NEW! a liquid 'LIPSTICK'

Can't Melt!

Can't Smear!



MARY ELLEN KAY—in *Rodeo King & the Senorita*, a Republic Picture

. . . Beautiful Swim-proof Lips

Romance-hued ***liquid*** colors that take to your lips with the idea of staying. Liquid Liptone, the miracle 'lipstick' at last, that ***can't smear***—and that ***really*** won't rub off! Makes lips beautiful and keeps them beautiful for an extra long time. And the shades are lovelier—much lovelier than you have ever hoped for!

Now you can make up your lips before you go out—and no matter what you do—or whether it be in sunlight or in moonlight—they'll stay divinely red until long after you are home **again.** Sounds impossible, doesn't it? ***But it is so true.*** Obviously, this miracle couldn't be performed by lipstick made of grease, and it isn't.

A *LIQUID* DOES IT:

a heavenly new liquid, which instantly imparts glamorous color . . . in the most romantic shades ever! And if your lips are given to parching in the summer sun, Liquid Liptone will prevent that, too. All the best stores feature Liptone. Get yours today.



liquid liptone

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I enclose 25c, which includes Fed. tax, for each shade checked below:

- ☐ Medium—Natural true red—very flattering.
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CHEEKTONE—"Magic" natural color for cheeks.
☐ 1 English Tint ☐ 2 Coral ☐ 3 Deep Cherry

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POETRY

THE INVASION

Summer is never fully fledged
Till the hollyhocks come down,
Tall and spiked and crinkle-edged,
Like an army on the town!
Looking south and looking north,
East and westward, too, the eye
Sees peduncles putting forth
White as if to mollify
Flaming scarlet, deep maroon,
Cream and lemon, salmon, rose—
Till someone must comment soon,
"I declare, but that weed grows!"

—Elaine Emans

CALLISTA

Callista said the sun was bright
Though the day was gray as gray
Callista said the world was good
And filled us with dismay.
Callista heard the night wind call
When not a breeze had stirred
We listened, but the cricket's chirp
Was all the sound we heard.
Callista curls her shining hair
And wears a dainty glove
And grandma says it seems to her
Callista is in love.

—Mary McMillin

ROBERT

Robert's lazy, so they say:
Robert dreams the livelong day
Robert's apt to run away
  When there's scrubbing, errand-running,
  Woodbox-filling, baby sunning . . .

Deep within a forest glade
Robert lies in dappled shade;
Sees the river's swift cascade—
  Rainbow waters downward falling—
  Never hears the school bell ringing.

Intimately Robert knows
How the chipmunk comes and goes,
How the willow sprouts and grows,
  Gnarl of root and blade a-greening,
  Mackeral sky and bluejay's preening.

One day Robert will arise,
Be a man in soul and size,
Peace and wisdom in his eyes:
  Then they'll say in some surprise,
  "How came *he* so wondrous wise?"

—Marietta Sharp

RAIN

A kind of guilt creeps on me as rain blows round the eaves
And wind capriciously turns up the silver backs of leaves;
For I am glad within me, while other folk contend
That they feel like the weather, and would the storm but end
Their spirits, too would waken and soar toward the sun,
So should I speak and have them think me quite the foolish one—
For I delight in twisted twigs—determined drops of rain—
And clouds that huddle up and pout before they cry again.
I like the muted murmur of a rain-enshrouded wood,
The bowing-down of grasses which so proud and straight had stood;
I like the touch of bark and bough blackened by the rain,
The pert I-told-you-so expression of the saucy weathervane.
I like the ruminating cows, resigned to wet and chill
Standing 'neath an orchard tree, so patiently and still.
Should I be thinking lovely thoughts when rain begins to fall,
Or hide within a cloak of gloom and think no thoughts at all.

—Betty Butler

RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR WILL PAY FIVE DOLLARS

for the best original poems sent in each month by readers. Limit poems to 30 lines, address to Poetry, RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR Magazine, 205 E. 42 Street, New York 17, New York. Each poem should be accompanied by this notice. When postage is enclosed, every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an effort to purchase poetry for use in RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR.

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Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder

Keeps you cool, smooth, dainty—with the fragrance men love!

Recipe for warm weather comfort and daintiness: Out of bed . . . into your bath . . . then Cashmere Bouquet Talc *all over!* See how it absorbs every bit of moisture left on your skin after towelling. You'll love the silky-smooth "sheath of protection" it gives to those chafeable spots. And the *fragrance* of Cashmere Bouquet is the romantic fragrance men love, that lingers for hours and hours. Yes, every morning . . . and before every date . . . sprinkle yourself liberally with Cashmere Bouquet Talc!

Look your loveliest with Cashmere Bouquet



Hand Lotion
Face Powder
Lipstick
All-Purpose Cream

Only 29¢ and 43¢

RUTH ROMAN, CO-STARRING IN WARNER BROS. "STRANGERS ON A TRAIN"



RUTH ROMAN, beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl, one of the "Top-Twelve," selected by "Modern Screen" and a jury of famed hair stylists as having the world's loveliest hair. Ruth Roman uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for her glamorous hair.

The Most Beautiful Hair in the World IS KEPT AT ITS LOVELIEST WITH *Lustre-Creme Shampoo*

When Ruth Roman says . . . "I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo"... you're listening to a girl whose beautiful hair plays a vital part in a fabulous glamour-career.

In a recent issue of "Modern Screen," a committee of famed hair stylists named Ruth Roman, lovely Lustre-Creme Girl, as one of 12 women having the most beautiful hair in the world.

You, too, will notice a glorious difference in your hair from Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Under the spell of its rich lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse, dusty with dandruff, is fragrantly clean. Rebel hair is tamed to respond to the lightest brush touch. Hair robbed of natural sheen glows with renewed sun-bright highlights. All this, even in the hardest water, with no need for a special after-rinse.

No other cream shampoo in the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. Is the best too good for your hair? For hair that behaves like the angels, and shines like the stars . . . ask for Lustre-Creme, the world's finest shampoo, chosen for "the most beautiful hair in the world"!



The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to $2.

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair



Information Booth

Ask your questions—
we'll try to find the answers

Early start

Dear Editor:

Can you please tell me how old John Conte is and how long he has been singing? *M.B., Detroit, Mich.*

John Conte was born in Palmer, Massachusetts in 1915. His singing lessons began in grade school and before he was twenty-one he had his own musical program on the West Coast. Since then he has been singing in Broadway musicals, nightclubs, and now is the host of NBC-TV's Little Show.

Marital status

Dear Editor:

Would you please print a picture of James Melton. Is he married, and does he have any children? Their names?
Mrs T.C.H., Youngsville, N. C.

James Melton is married to the former Marjorie McClure. They have one daughter, Margot. Melton was born in Georgia in 1904 and sang with the Metropolitan Opera before his present TV assignment on Ford Festival.

Lion tamer

Dear Editor:

I would like to see a picture of Clyde Beatty. Where was he born and does he have any children?
Miss D.R.O., Portland, Oregon

Clyde Beatty was born in Bainbridge, Ohio, on June 10, 1903. He and his wife, Harriet, have one child, Albina. At present his home is on the West Coast, but he may be heard on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 5:30 P.M. EDT, over MBS.

Correction, please

Dear Editor:

I have just finished reading your April issue and notice that you say Galen Drake is a bachelor. Will you check on this for me as the other day he mentioned having a daughter. *Mrs. E.N.R., Flushing, N.Y.*

Our mistake—as you and many other attentive readers have pointed out. Galen Drake *is* married, to the former Anne Peron, a professional model. They have one daughter, Linda Anne.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR, *205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer if we can either in Information Booth or by mail —but be sure to attach this box to your letter along with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.*



James Melton



Clyde Beatty



John Conte

CORN SUFFERERS Amazed at Speed of WONDER DRUG



New BLUE-JAY Corn Plasters Contain PHENYLIUM for Fastest, Surest, Complete Corn Relief Ever

When corn sufferers tested New-Formula Blue-Jay Corn Plasters, three out of four said, *"Best corn treatment ever!"*

It's Blue-Jay's new Wonder Drug that does it! *Phenylium*, newest, fastest-acting, most effective corn medication ever developed.

In tests, *Phenylium* went to work 33% faster, was 35% more effective than other remedies. Removed corns in 19 out of 20 cases—a better record than any other agent!

Say good-by to painful corns! Get New-formula Blue-Jay with *Phenylium* at your favorite drug counter, now!



IF YOU'RE A VICTIM OF FIVE O'CLOCK SHADOW—

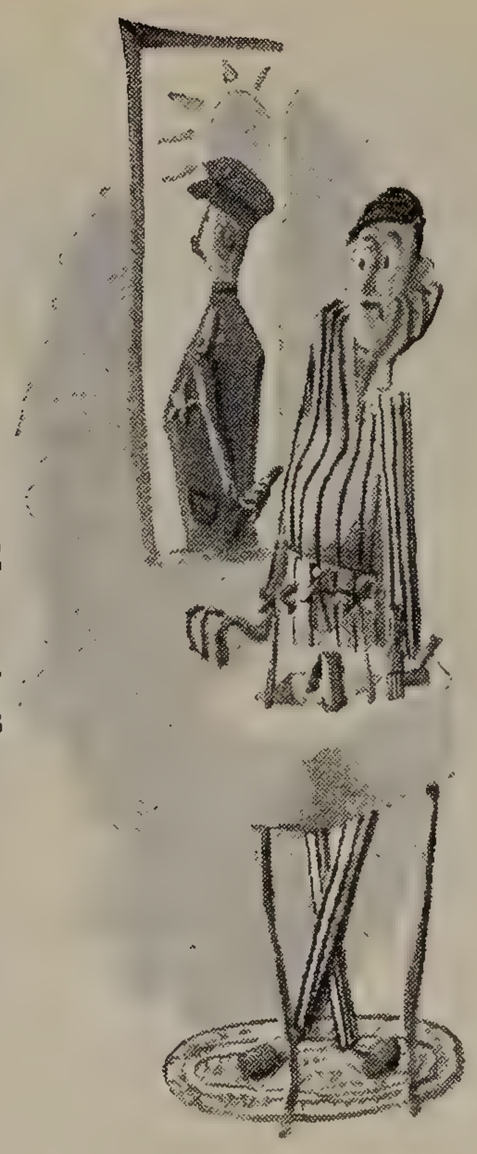
steer clear of Poplar Bluff, Missouri. There, the law forbids shaving during the day.

READER'S OWN VERSE—

Dietmission

Mary Jane and Betty Jo,
Peggy, Sue and Beth . . .
Looking for new recipes
On how to starve to death!

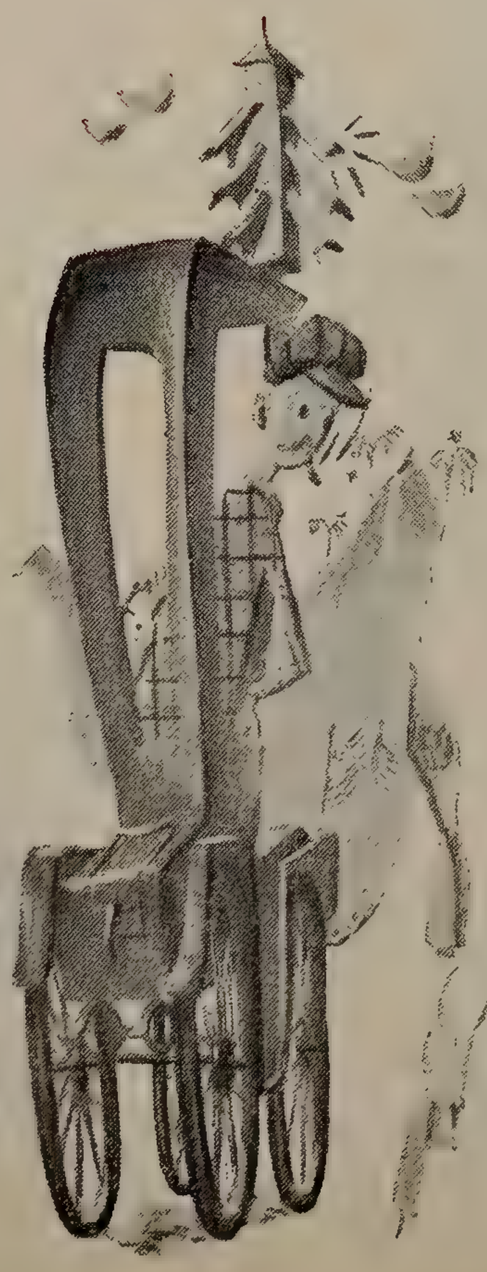
—June Brown Harris



Art Linkletter's Nonsense and some-sense

LOOK BOTH WAYS ITEM:

The Fourth of July holiday always brings a rise in traffic fatalities. If you can, stay home. If you can't, be careful. Make it a safe and sane Fourth all the way around.



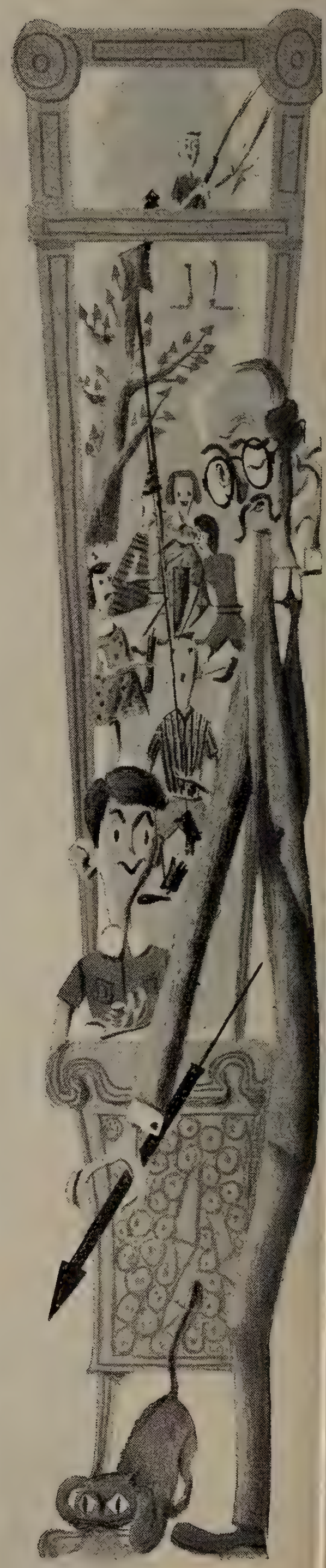
Note for Sunday:

Of all the Presidents of the United States, from Washington through Truman, two were Baptists, one Congregationalist, nine Episcopalians, one Quaker, four Methodists, five Presbyterians, two Reformed Dutch, four Unitarians, and four did not belong to any denomination.

JULY

—the month in which silence takes a holiday. When I was a kid, if you had the urge—and the money—you went to the corner store and bought as many firecrackers, sons-o'-guns, smoke bombs and other semi-lethal weapons as you wished. Nowadays you can't go to the corner store and buy such delights. But it's a funny thing—for some reason only kids understand, the neighborhood still rings, for days in advance, with explosions. Can't figure it out. Neither, come to think of it, can the local dogs. Pooches don't like fireworks any more than they like thunder, and comes the thunder of the Fourth many an otherwise intrepid tail-wagger will be found under the bed or in the far reaches of the broom closet vowing he'll never chase the neighbor's cat again if only allowed to live through this day. . . . Weather aspects of July look to be just what one might expect: heat in large quantities. "Wear a hat or an awning, afternoon, evening, night or morning," advises our good friend and companion, *The Old Farmer's Almanac*, regarding the early part of the month. Later, a bit more cheerfully: "Days are hot, nights are not." But just to make sure you aren't too cheered, the *OFA* throws in a date-to-remember item, casually reminding us that in 1913, on the 10th of July, a temperature of 134 degrees Fahrenheit was recorded in Death Valley. Phew—pass me my palm leaf and a bucket of lemonade, please!

Art Linkletter emcees House Party, Monday through Friday at 3:30 P.M. EDT, Columbia Broadcasting System; sponsored by Pillsbury Mills. Life With Linkletter is seen Friday at 7:30 P.M. EDT over the American Broadcasting System's Television Network; sponsored by Green Giant.



A LITTLE LEARNING—
LIBERTY BELL DIVISION:

You all know, of course, that the Liberty Bell is on display—so visitors may touch it if they wish—in Independence Hall in Philadelphia. But do you know how long it's been there? And how it came to get that crack? Seems the bell was first cast in London, to celebrate the 50th Anniversary of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. It arrived in August of 1752, cracked while being tested. Recast, it was placed in the State House in June of the following year. Once again when the bell was tested it cracked, and this time it was broken up and recast completely, using the same metal plus some extra copper to see if the brittleness couldn't be cut down. Always brittle, though, the bell got its present crack in 1835 when tolled for the funeral procession of Chief Justice John Marshall. Meanwhile, in September 1777, it was removed from the State House when it became apparent that the British were coming into Philadelphia. In a supply train of seven hundred wagons it was taken, along with Army baggage, to Allentown, where it was hidden in Zion's Church. In June of the following year it was returned to Philadelphia where it's been ever since, except for brief journeys on loan to exhibitions and expositions. On D-Day, June 6, 1944, the bell sounded again—not tolled, but struck with a rubber mallet—on two radio broadcasts.

IT HAPPENED ON HOUSEPARTY—

Linkletter (to little girl): And where do you live, honey?
Little girl: With my Mommy and Daddy.
Linkletter: Yes, but where do Mommy and Daddy live?
Little girl: With me!



FUN AND GAMES—

Young kids aren't hard to get started on games, but sometimes a party of "middle-aged" youngsters dies on its feet. Here's a game that's silly enough to get any group laughing. It's called "Barnyard," and the equipment is simple—as many kids as you happen to have around at the moment, and a flock of peanuts. (The equipment the kids need, they come with—good, strong vocal cords.) Before festivities get under way, hide as many peanuts as you see fit around the house. When the youngsters get there, give each one the name of an animal—cow, donkey, cat, etc., Scatter the kids to find the peanuts, with the added provision that whenever one of them finds a peanut he must make the noise of his animal—moo like a cow, bray like a donkey, and so on. Of course, there's a prize for the one who finds the most peanuts, and another for the one who gives the most realistic animal imitation. (Better limit the time or the peanuts on this—how the neighbors will hate you!)

READER'S OWN VERSE—

The Pie-Eyed Piper

The piper piped the kiddies
  From Hamelin, so they say.
In pinafores and middies
  They followed him away.

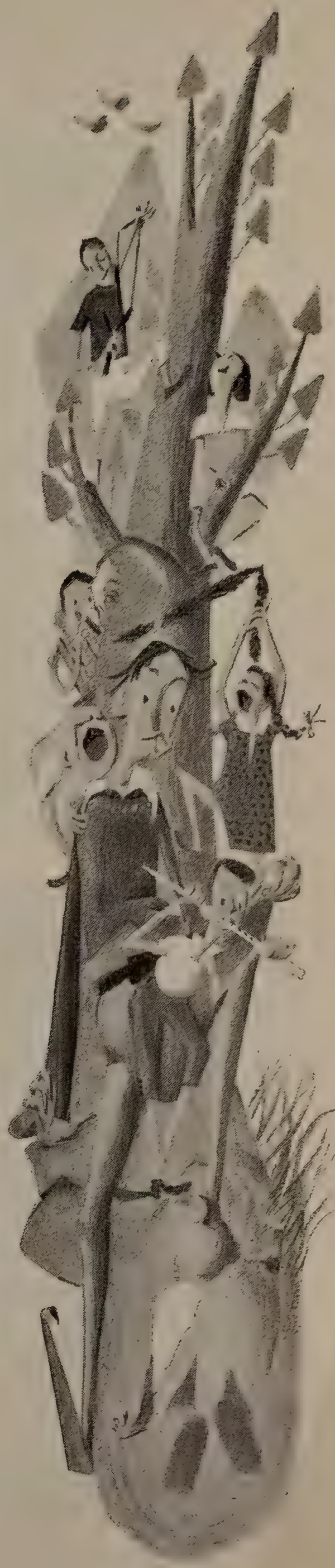
And did he live in clover,
  Thereafter? He did not,
For once the trip was over,
  Unhappy was his lot!

The children clung like cactus,
  And though the tots were cute,
He had no time to practice—
  He had to flout his flute!

He'd been a virtuoso,
  But now, upset by wails,
His trills were only so-so;
  He often fluffed his scales.

He wished he hadn't swiped 'em,
  And so, one summer day,
Back to town he piped 'em
  And sighing, stole away!

—*Ernestine Cobern Beyer*

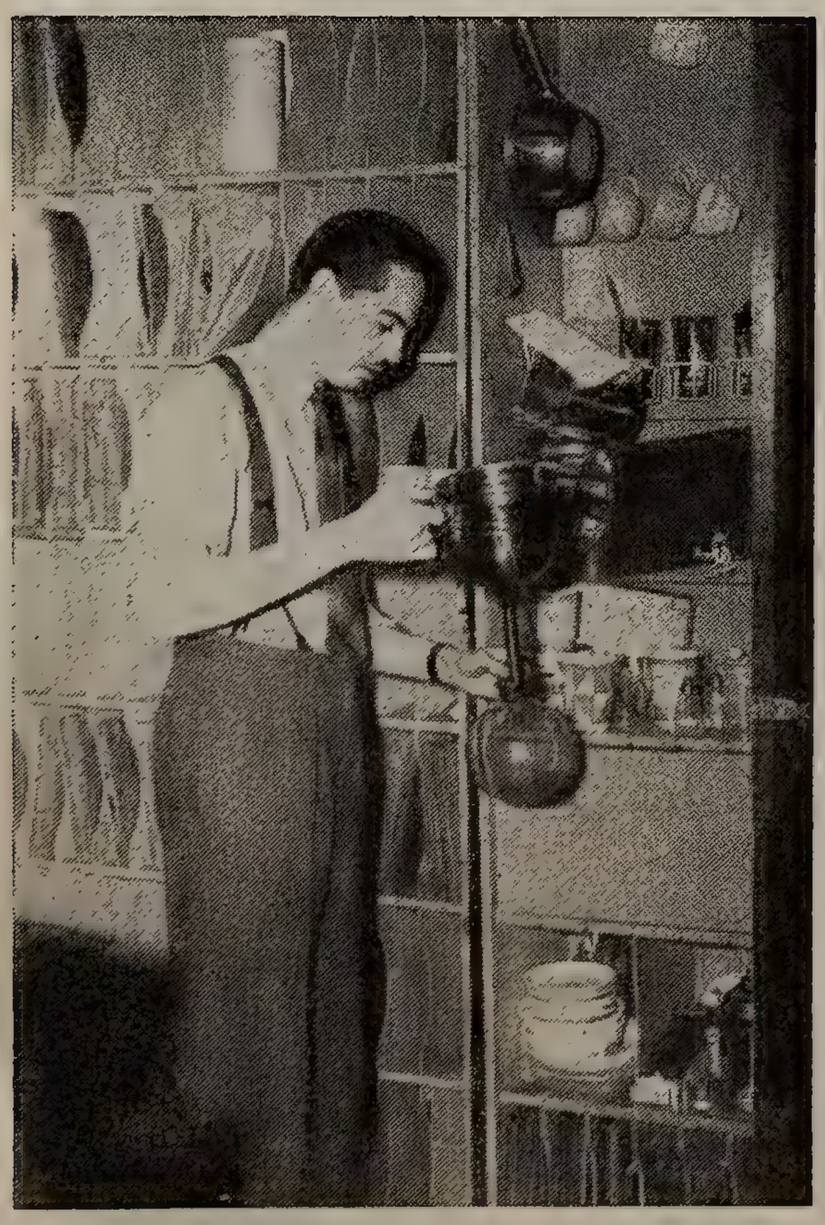


R
M

It may be music to the rest of the Shaw family, but to little Sandra Lee it's just so much noise.



STAY UP STAN



WCBS's Stan Shaw shows how all-night disc jockeys do it—thanks to that cup of coffee.

STAN SHAW, whose all-night record show has been something of an institution with New York insomniacs, night workers and stay-up-lates, now has a new nightly series of music and informal chatter over Station WCBS Monday through Friday at 11:15 P.M., and on Saturday at 11:30 P.M.

Shaw also answers to the names of "Your Very Good Friend, the Milkman" and "Stay Up Stan, the Record Man," two titles he had registered while conducting the country's first commercially successful all-night radio show. During the program's run of seven years, he was on the air every night from 2:00 to 7:00 A.M.

Born in Kansas City, Missouri, Shaw was raised on several of the nine ranches owned by his father. He received his early education in Missouri, and later attended the University of Idaho, where he was leader of the school band. He worked his way through the University by organizing touring bands, and made enough money to come east.

He landed his first radio job in 1925 with a Newark, New Jersey, station and estimates he's been on the air a total of 50,342 hours since that time. He worked in Chicago, Baltimore and Washington radio stations, in a variety of capacities. Then followed a coast-to-coast tour with the Play Arts Guild, acting and producing stage plays.

He returned to New York in 1934, and shortly after began his all-night record stint, one of radio's most successful "experiments." During his seven years on the show, he got 150 to 250 telegrams each night, requesting tunes. At the time, one of the national wire services noted that he had received more telegrams than any living individual.

He also was cited by the police departments of several cities for his assistance in locating lost persons, apprehending criminals and preventing several suicides.

Shaw's radio career almost came to a sudden end a few years ago when he fell asleep, exhausted, under a sun lamp for six hours, and ended up in a hospital for six weeks.

Shaw is married to the former Jean Dodson, who was one of the country's top models for several years. They have two children.

R
M

Stores carrying the mother and daughter sailor dresses on page 50

W. Filene's Sons Co.
Boston, Mass.

Titche-Goettinger Co.
Dallas, Texas

Bitker, Gerner Co.
Milwaukee, Wis.

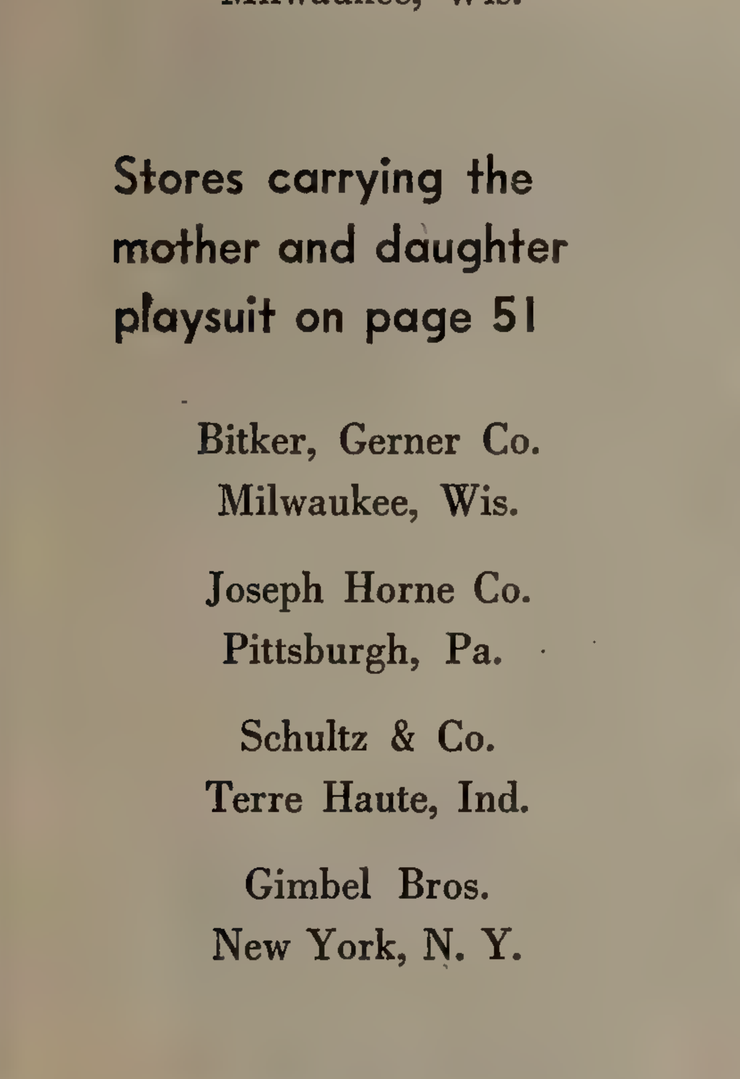
Stores carrying the mother and daughter playsuit on page 51

Bitker, Gerner Co.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Joseph Horne Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

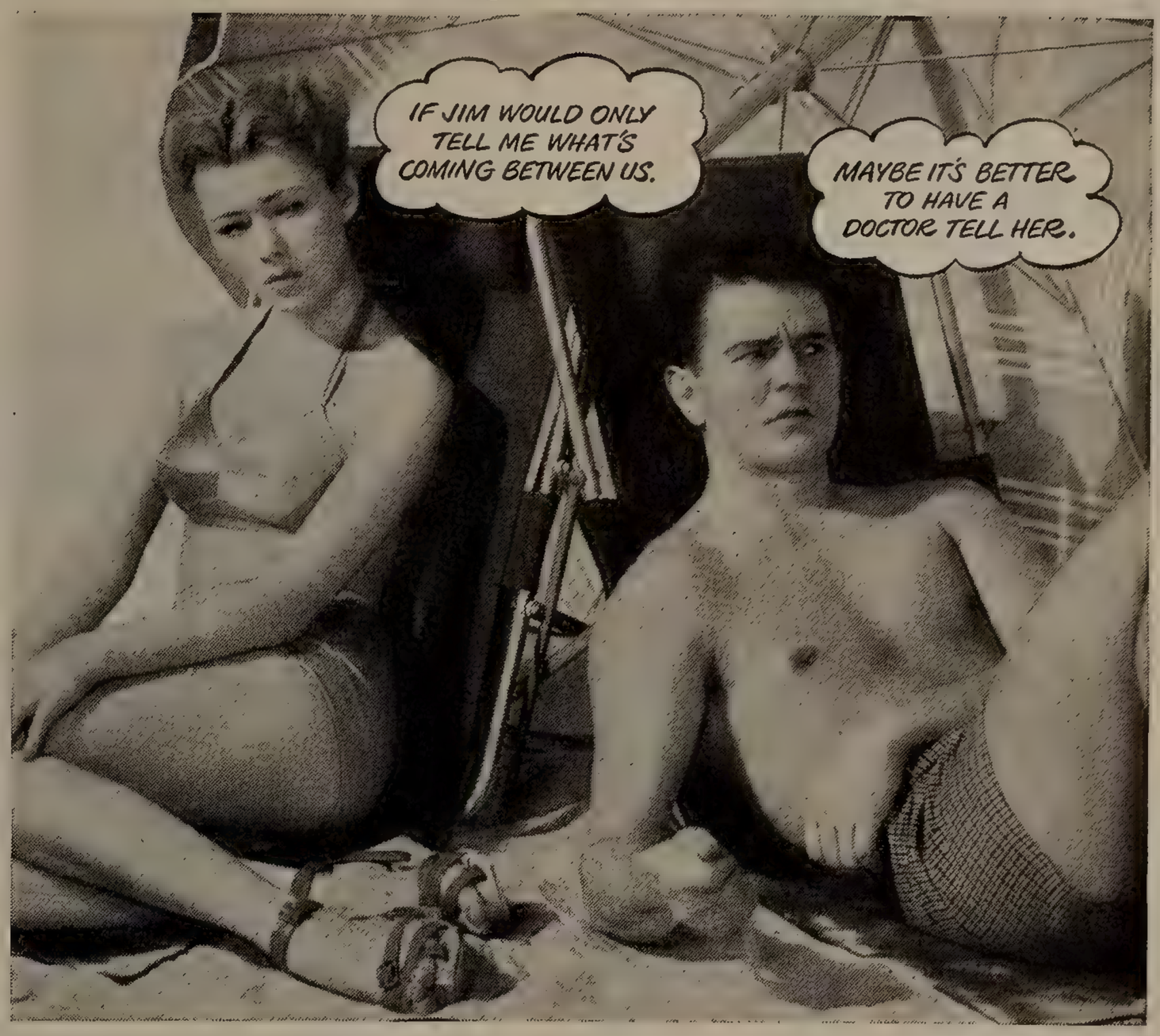
Schultz & Co.
Terre Haute, Ind.

Gimbel Bros.
New York, N. Y.



The above polio pointers are excellent reminders as to what precautions should be taken during summer months—the months when polio is most prevalent.

Can a husband ever tell a *Sensitive wife this truth?*



Send now for FREE book revealing how no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is SO POWERFUL yet HARMLESS as ZONITE!

What a hazard it is to marriage when a wife has never been given up-to-date, scientific instruction on the importance of practicing *complete* hygiene (including internal feminine cleanliness).

If only she'd realize the wonderful benefits of always putting ZONITE in her fountain syringe for her health, womanly charm, married happiness and after her periods. If only she understood that even the most refined and fastidious women must constantly guard against an offense graver than bad breath or body odor—an odor she may not even detect but is so apparent to others.

Why You Should Use ZONITE

Scientists tested every known germicide they could find on sale for the douche. And no other type proved so POWERFULLY EFFECTIVE yet SAFE to tissues as ZONITE. So why remain old-fashioned and continue to use weak or dangerous products?

The ZONITE principle was developed by a famous surgeon and scientist. It is *positively* non-poisonous and non-irritating despite its great germicidal and deodorizing protection. Use as directed as *often as needed* without the slightest injury.

ZONITE'S Miracle-Action

ZONITE eliminates odor and removes waste substances. It promptly relieves any itching or irritation if present. ZONITE helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract but you CAN BE SURE ZONITE *immediately* kills every reachable germ and keeps germs from multiplying. Any drugstore. © 1951 Z.P.C.

Zonite
FOR NEWER
feminine hygiene

FREE!

For enlightening Booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, mail this coupon to Zonite Products Corp., Dept. RM-71, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

Name_____ R

Address_____ M

City_____ State_____

*Offer good only in the U. S. and Canada

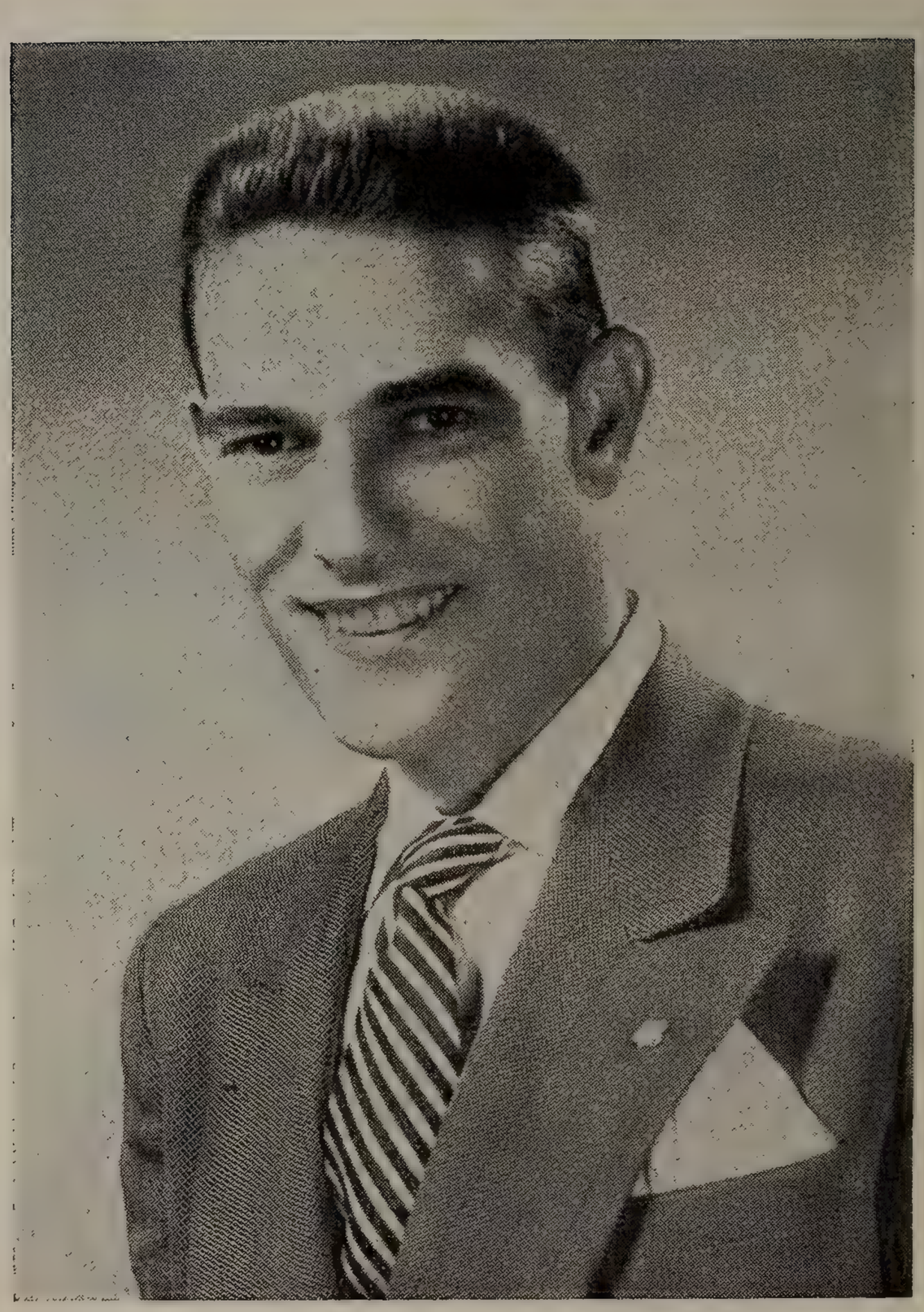
MAN about MIDNIGHT

TALL, LANKY John Lascelles is currently proving the inaccuracy of the widely held belief that "nobody listens to the radio at midnight." As WGR's Man About Midnight, Lascelles has a Pulse rating at midnight that many radio people would settle for at high noon. An expert at friendly small talk, he is excellent company for Buffalo's night owls. And John Lascelles has had adventures enough to last him for many years of big or small talk.

Shortly after John joined WGR the Army called him to see the world, and off he went to Africa, Egypt, Italy, France and Germany—a three-year tour of the Continent. Near the end of the war John was conducting a three-hour morning record show on the Fifth Army radio station in Foggia, Italy. Code-named The Great Speckled Bird, John developed a huge following of GI's and native Italians. Although he would probably deny being a sentimentalist, John still has a scrapbook of letters and cards from his wartime listeners.

Back at WGR since his discharge from the Army, John has two other shows as well as his midnight stint. A good chunk of the Buffalo population looks forward to his 6:30 show, which finds John jawing with top vocalist Elvera, and with members of Dave Cheskin's orchestra. He is also responsible for the 3:30 to 4 P.M. segment of the Saturday afternoon Bandstand Caravan, a new record show teaming him with colleagues Warren Kelly, Billy Keaton and Bob Glacy. Besides all this, John proves his versatility by handling WGR newscasts as competently as he handles the patter on his other shows.

Now having had enough of travel, John has settled quite conclusively, buying a home in Ridgeway, Ontario, just over the border from Buffalo. The house is located on Lake Erie, ideal for John's top hobby, sailing. It will also be fine for the cruiser he plans to buy this summer. Sailboat or cruiser, it looks like smooth sailing for a long while for WGR's Man About Midnight.



WGR's John Lascelles, also known to his many fans as "The Basket of Bones" or the more familiar name of just "Ol' Bones," rides his records on through the witching hour of the Buffalo night.

By TERRY BURTON

A RECENT Family Counselor guest, Mrs. Mary Ellen Goodman, did a wonderful thing for her community of White Plains, New York. She organized a much-needed, reliable baby sitting service—Sitters Service, Inc. Consulting with the National Safety Council, teachers, doctors, and PTA's, she learned that there was remarkably little understanding of "good" baby sitting.

Mrs. Goodman gives her sitters general information on the proper way to take care of children, but she emphasized that it's actually up to the parents to supply all pertinent material about their children to the sitter.

The first thing Mrs. Goodman told our listeners was: "Too many parents make the mistake of telling their sitter to come at the same hour that they want to leave. This is completely wrong. The sitter should arrive at least twenty minutes before the parents leave so as to have plenty of time to get acquainted with the child and to receive all instructions about what they are to do in the parents' absence."

When I asked Mrs. Goodman specifically what parents should tell the sitters, she gave us the following suggestions: "Make sure the sitter knows *how* and *where* to reach you or someone in your family, how to reach your doctor, the police and the fire department. In addition, show her the back entrance to the house in case a fire breaks out in the front. It's also a good idea if she knows exactly where the phone is located, so that there will be no delay in case she has to make an emergency call.

"If a sitter is called upon to feed the child, she should be given full details as to just *what* and *how much* the child should be given to eat. Above all, a sitter should never be allowed to give medicine to a child until she has had written directions from either the child's doctor or parents."

Mrs. Goodman's Sitters Service, Inc., has proved to be a most successful business venture. She has forty well-trained sitters working for her, and she finds that she could use many more.

Says Mrs. Goodman, "More of these services could and should be organized throughout the country. And mothers who are interested will find that their local PTA, doctors and clubs will be most eager to back them up. I know they offered me a tremendous amount of help and encouragement."

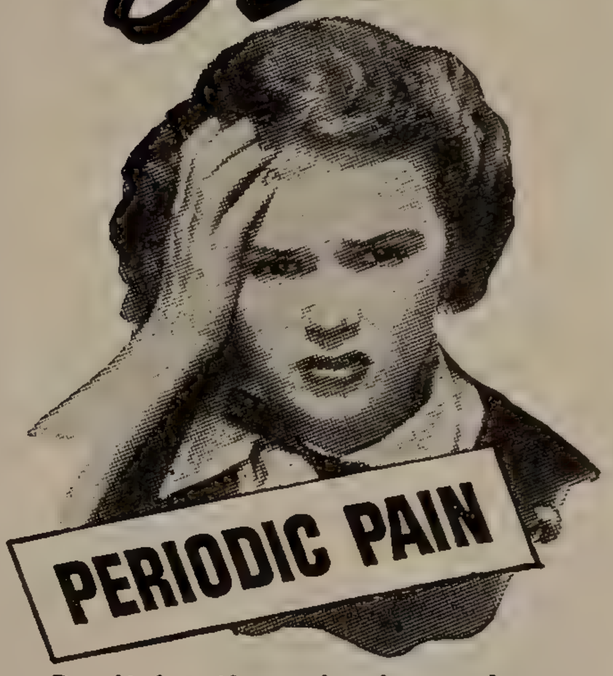
selecting a SITTER

A sitter should get to know the child *before* the parents leave, says Mary Goodman (r).



Wednesday is Family Counselor Day on the Second Mrs. Burton, heard M-F at 2 P.M. EDT over CBS stations. Sponsor: General Foods.

Bonnie's BLUE



Don't let the calendar make a slave of you, Bonnie! Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water...that's all. Midol brings faster relief from menstrual pain —it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

FREE 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know", explains menstruation. (Plain wrapper). Write Dep't. B-71, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y.

Bonnie's GAY WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores have Midol

RECOMMENDED PROGRAMS

This list is comprised of current network TV programs that are wisely instructional and suitable entertainment for the average child, or both. More adult dramatic and musical programs have not been included. While such programs are frequently informative and are often reported as bringing the family closer together (such as The Aldrich Family), the intellectual and moral standards of most dramatic programs are too inconsistent from week to week to qualify them for a permanent place in a list of desirable children's TV fare.

AGES THREE to EIGHT

Monday-Friday

- Lucky Pup (CBS-TV)
- TV Baby Sitter (DuMont)
- Howdy Doody (NBC-TV)
- Kukla, Fran & Ollie (NBC-TV)
- Small Fry Club (DuMont)
- Magic Cottage (DuMont)

Gabby Hayes Show (NBC-TV, Mon., Wed., Fri.)
Panhandle Pete & Jennifer (NBC-TV, Tues., Thurs.)
Ozmoe (ABC-TV, Tues., Thurs.)
Mary Hartline Show (ABC-TV, Wed.)
Half-Pint Party (ABC-TV, Thurs.)
The Big Top (CBS-TV, Sat.)
Super Circus (ABC-TV, Sun.)
Zoo Parade (NBC-TV, Sun.)
Mr. I. Magination (CBS-TV, Sun.)

AGES NINE to FIFTEEN

Monday-Friday

- Kukla, Fran & Ollie (NBC-TV)
- Camel News Caravan (NBC-TV)
- Captain Video (DuMont)
- Jimmy Blaine's Junior Edition (ABC-TV)

Space Cadet (ABC-TV, Mon., Wed., Fri.)
Paul Winchell & Jerry Mahoney (NBC-TV, Mon.)
Going Places With Betty Betz (ABC-TV, Tues.)
Mr. Wizard (NBC-TV, Sat.)
The Nature of Things (NBC-TV, Sat.)
You're On Your Own (DuMont, Sun.)
Mr. I. Magination (CBS-TV, Sun.)
Battle Report, Washington (NBC-TV, Sun.)
Stars Are Born (DuMont, Sun.)
Meet The Press (NBC-TV, Sun.)
Mrs. Roosevelt Meets The Public (NBC-TV, Sun.)
American Forum Of The Air (NBC-TV, Sun.)
Zoo Parade (NBC-TV, Sun.)
Super Circus (ABC-TV, Sun.)
Mama (CBS-TV, Fri.)
The Quiz Kids (NBC-TV, Fri.)

*Only very limited viewing of Western films is encouraged. Those made expressly for TV (Gene Autry programs and The Lone Ranger) are generally more suitable than those originally produced for motion picture theaters. Schedules of these programs vary in practically every city.

R
M

No one doubts the medium is here to stay

Television for children

BY WILLIAM PARKER
Writer, editor, television columnist

• A few weeks ago, screams from my small daughter's bedroom at midnight got me out of bed and on the run. She was having a bad dream about "that man on the television." Earlier in the evening she'd insisted on watching another chapter of a mystery serial — I remembered a scene showing a kidnapper dragging a little girl by the arm toward a waiting car. And the camera had even generously provided us with a closeup of the child's horror-stricken face just as the curtain came down at the end of that night's chapter. That was also the night the curtain came down on that program in our household for good. But I knew that such a step is only partially effectual in helping eliminate the bad effects of certain television programs.

The next day, I phoned an acquaintance of mine who is in charge of programming at the station which presents that particular program.

"Isn't there some kind of law or code forbidding horror stories about kidnappers on TV?" I asked.

"Not yet," he retorted. "Television isn't censored. It's up to the networks and program producers to put on whatever they wish."

I hung up the phone but said to myself it isn't just the responsibility of the networks or program producers—it's up to us, you and me, what we're going to let our children see on television.

Undeniably, there are many great and wonderful things about having television in your home for your children—benefits for every age group. For the tiniest of tots there's the value of seeing how people talk and act in society outside the home. Teen-agers know more about the world and its politics than ever before. They don't spend as much time hanging around the corner drugstore on Saturday afternoons —it's more exciting at home when they can sit in their living rooms and see Notre Dame five yards away from the goal line.

Admitted there are a number of good programs that help children in their school work and help

—here's what you can do to make it better

them to enjoy their reading more, but the question is—do children ever see them, or are they too busy watching the harmful ones? Mr. I. Magination has dramatized stories like *Huckleberry Finn, Rip Van Winkle*, and *Captain Kidd*. And the Ford Theatre has presented an hour-long excellent condensation of *Alice In Wonderland*. But before a child will watch programs like these, some parent has to read the program listings in the daily paper and make sure the set is on at the right time and channel.

Children from seven to fifteen years old are now spending an average of three hours a day watching TV indiscriminately. This certainly shows the need of applying the old adage: "There's a time for everything." According to a poll of six hundred and seventy-five school children in Washington, D. C., all report spending less time out of doors since they have TV. Over half report eating their evening meals before the TV set most of the time, and countless others are gulping down food to rush back to TV. With such examples of poor digestion and little outdoor exercise and fresh air, it's easy to foresee a future generation of human potted plants, content to only sit and watch.

This "time for everything" rule pops up again at bedtime when children throw temper tantrums and insist on staying up. (*Continued on page* 81)





The pleasure to present

***Showman** meets showman: Rudy Vallee, among other big-name entertainers, made his TV debut on Ed's show.*

***Margaret** Truman also made her TV debut on Toast, asked Ed that there be no reference to her father's job.*

***TV's** a timetaker but Ed still manages his Broadway column. Lower right, with Peggy Lee, a Toast guest.*

Pennsylvania Avenue, Sunset Boulevard, Broadway—from these streets the host of the town draws his glittering guests

BY ED SULLIVAN

WHEN Oliver Basselin, a French poet living in Vaux-de-vire, France, gave the name of "vaudeville" to the variety show, he really started something. Vaudeville never has died.

Perhaps it was a bit of prophecy that Oscar Hammerstein II appeared with Richard Rodgers on my first CBS-TV presentation of Toast of the Town. The original Oscar Hammerstein, his grandfather, proved the long life and resiliency of the vaudeville format at Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre in Times Square. Four blocks distant, at 39th Street and Sixth Avenue, I've proved the continuing public appeal of vaudeville in three years of TV weekly shows —and vaudeville shows still are the top shows in TV ratings all over the country.

Our vaudeville is a streamlined version of the variety shows which Grandfather Oscar Hammerstein featured at his famous Victoria but basically it's the same thing—opera singers, ballerinas, comedians, animal acts, attractions that become celebrated on "page one," dramatic sketches, celebs in the audience, dancers, acrobats—the formula is surefire.

My first TV variety show, in June 28, 1948, set a pattern for top-notch vaudeville that we have consistently followed. There were Rodgers and Hammerstein, Martin and Lewis, Monica Lewis, ballerina Kathryn Lee, and Eugene List, the ex-GI pianist who played for FDR, Stalin and Churchill at Potsdam. At that time we had a total of $1,500 to cover all expenses. Today we budget $9,000 a week for talent alone. At that time we had half a million receivers tuned in. Today we have five times as many. Does anyone care to argue that vaudeville is dead or dying?

The stars who have made their TV debut on Toast of the Town read like the "Who's Who" of show business. We have had Bob Hope, Lena Horne, George Raft, (*Continued on page* 80)







Toast of the Town: Sun., 8 P.M., EDT, CBS-TV. Sponsored by Lincoln-Mercury Dealers.

Three happy people



Sid Caesar and family: the private life of a public hero

BY GLADYS HALL

MRS. SID has only one complaint to make about life with TV's mighty Caesar—and this is it. I quote:

"People think I am the inspiration, if that's what you want to call it, for the typical average husband-wife sketches Sid and Imogene do on Your Show of Shows. Women actually ask me, 'Do you really put one olive in a gallon jug and keep it in the ice-box?' They want to know whether Sid got his take-off on a woman dressing in the morning from watching me. Whether quarrels between Sid and me are the basis for the husband and wife battles Sid and Imogene stage for the cameras.

"It's absurd. The olive in the gallon jug, for instance. *An* olive—for *Sid?* Why, he'd eat it jar and all! He has a *tremendous* appetite. He can eat a whole chicken at one time. For lunch today, he put away a big turkey leg, breast, wing and the neck! For breakfast he has grapefruit juice, specially squeezed (by me—I'm the family cook), two eggs, a pile of stale toast. He goes for stale bread. Let a fresh loaf come into the house and he takes out several pieces, puts them in a bag, puts the bag on top of the ice-box where it stays until the bread turns to asphalt. He sometimes 'goes on kicks,' as he puts it, about food. For days at a time—four, five times a day, it will be yogurt. Then steaks. Then he can't look at a dish of yogurt or a piece of steak. Right now, the big kick is rice. Rice for breakfast, lunch, dinner (*Continued on page* 88)

Your Show of Shows, with Sid Caesar, is telecast Saturdays, 9 P.M. EDT, NBC-TV. Participating sponsors.

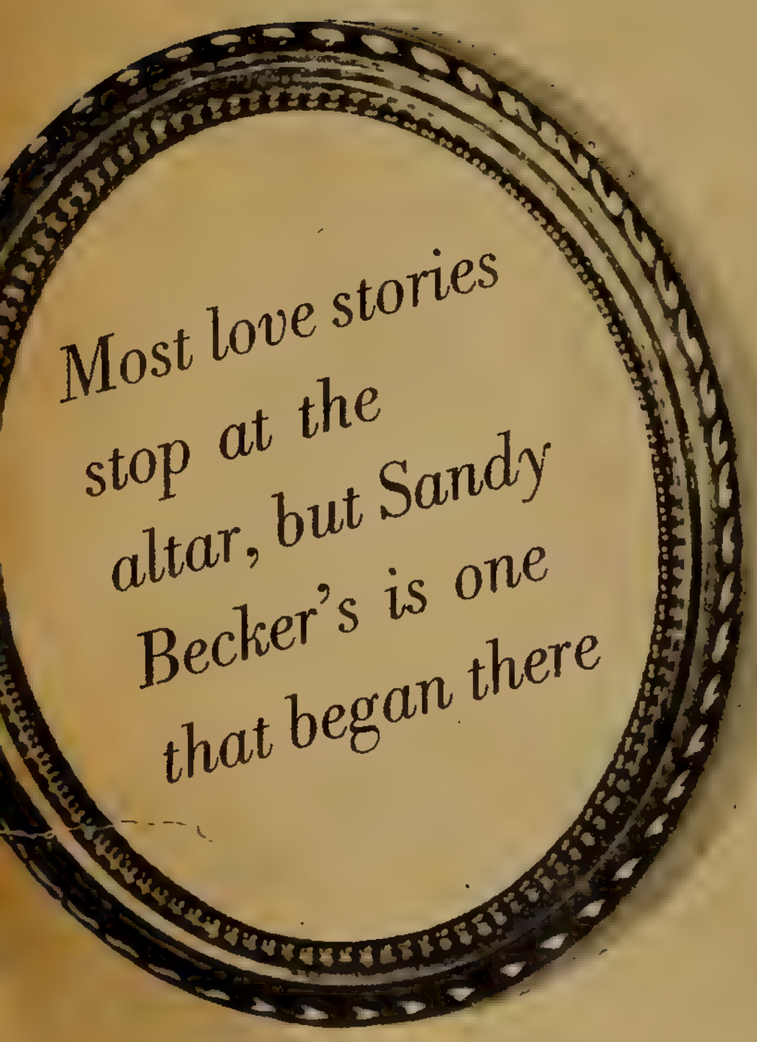


Happily ever after

BY JUDITH FIELD

No one feels sorrier about the marital troubles of Young Dr. Malone than twenty-eight-year-old Sandy Becker, who plays the role five days a week over CBS.

That's because Sandy has what Jerry Malone is losing—a happy marriage and a home echoing with the hubbub of growing children. And a good bit of hubbub it is, with six-year-old Joyce and two-year-old Curtis joined now by Annelle, who was born six months ago.



Yet, back in 1942, when Ruth Venable and Sandy Becker got married, the odds in their favor looked slim. They had eloped after knowing each other exactly a month; they were both only twenty years old. In addition, their elopement was a secret. Although a formal church wedding took place four weeks later, Ruth told her parents nothing about the first ceremony until several years had gone by.

Gravely, Sandy admits: "We were very lucky. It could have been a horrible mistake. Something as serious as marriage should be discussed with parents, should take place between two people who know each other well. All that an elopement and a secret marriage accomplishes is to give you a well-deserved feeling of guilt which is hard to shake off."

To understand how it all happened, you have to know not only that an impetuous twenty-year-old fell madly in love at first sight. You have to know, too, that he was several hundred miles away from his home and family in New York, and that he was riding high as an announcer at WBT in Charlotte at a salary that would be remarkable for a youngster that age even these days. (*Continued on page* 90)

Young Dr. Malone, with Sandy Becker in the title role, is heard M-F., 1:30 P.M. EDT, CBS. Sponsored by P & G's Crisco.



***No slouch** in the kitchen, Sandy knows how to whip up super snacks comes midnight. Chili con carne or a tamale sandwich—that's his speed.*



Supermarketing, *Sandy helps fill the basket that will feed the Becker family. Neighbors used to be puzzled by Sandy's unconventional working hours. When word why spread around, Beckers became known as Malones.*



Evenings *at home with a few friends, the Beckers find, is the best social life for young parents, baby sitters notwithstanding.*

Story *reading by Daddy is an evening ritual Joyce, six, and Curtis, two, wouldn't miss for the world—even baby Annelle refuses to be left out!*

"Sometimes," *says happy Sandy Becker—and especially at times like this with Ruth and the children, "I feel so darn sorry for Young Dr. Malone."*







Europe's royalty flocked to hear her sing—but it's Arthur Godfrey, American, she admires most of all!

Lucky Marion Marlowe



***Arthur** himself got into the Spanish spirit for this number on the Friends television program. Says Marion of Arthur: "He's beloved backstage as much as out front. And he's so humble about his own success."*

ONE EVENING early this year channels all along the CBS television network lit up with an incandescence usually reserved for the debut of a brilliant personality. It *was* the debut of a brilliant personality. What viewers saw was a regally beautiful young woman. What they heard was a melody of love sung in a way seldom seen or heard this side of a coaxial cable. Where they heard it was even more important: this TV debut was made on the Arthur Godfrey and His Friends program, and it marked another exciting addition to the ever-increasing circle of "little Godfreys."

The newest little Godfrey is Marion Marlowe, who's been known by much more exotic identifications elsewhere. In London, for instance, where she played the lead in a musical revue, Marion was dubbed "the Modern Cleopatra." The comparison isn't as fantastic as it sounds. Marion's mother is of Egyptian-French descent, and Marion's long, dark hair, wide hazel-green eyes and mobile expressions suggest to some how the Queen of the Nile might have looked. Marion, however, insists that she's plain American from St. Louis, Missouri, and just about the luckiest girl in the world.



Everything that has happened to her so far has followed a fabulously fortunate pattern. Luckiest of all, she feels, is her meeting with Arthur Godfrey. She ranks it above a marriage proposal from a maharajah which she received while (*Continued on page* 93)

Marion Marlowe appears on Arthur Godfrey And His Friends, telecast Wed., 8 P.M. EDT, CBS-TV. Sponsored by Chesterfields, Toni Co., and Pillsbury Mills.



Come and

The Martins' chief pride, of course, is Tony, Jr., ten months. Cyd, who has a flair for the unusual, picked up the weathervane lamp (right) in a New England antique shop.

Love, laughter and music, the Martins agree, are basic ingredients for the good life—which is exactly what they have!

visit Tony Martin

BY FREDDA DUDLEY BALLING

Tony Martin and Cyd Charisse have achieved that universal dream: country living in the city. Their home is situated on one of the wide, tree-lined thoroughfares in Bel Air; they are within a few minutes driving time of San Fernando Valley where many of their friends live, within a few minutes of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer where Cyd is under contract, and within a few minutes of CBS where Tony is the star of the Carnation Hour.

Aside from this accessibility to Los Angeles points, however, the Martin house might as well be located in some wooded copse far from the road of civilization. The broad front lawns are shielded from public view by a high privet hedge which is punctuated at two widely separated points by the entrance and exit of a graceful half-moon driveway. The house itself is whitewashed brick, stucco and siding, and it nestles snugly amid its luxuriant landscaping. Camellias grow in huge wooden tubs on either side of the dark green door with its huge brass knocker.

Morning, noon or night, the first sound to greet the visitor is likely to be music of some sort. From Monday through Friday, Tony and his musical arrangers play over the recordings of the previous week's radio show and work on interpretations for the next Sunday's program. If Tony isn't actually working, he's likely to be singing on a purely personal basis or playing a series of new recordings for the household to enjoy.

Tony, junior, is now eight months old and is anxious to join in the vocalizing. He is always brought downstairs to meet visitors and his poise on these (*Continued on page* 92)

Tony Martin is the singing star of Carnation Hour, Sun., 10 P.M, EDT, CBS. Sponsored by Carnation Milk Co.



***Good** food, good talk are what guests know they'll find at the Martin home. Located in beautiful Bel Air, it's within easy reach of the movie studios and the broadcasting station.*



"Tell me," Groucho asked a contestant, "why did you come to California?"

"My doctor advised me to get rid of my sinus trouble," replied Yucca.

"And did you?" asked Groucho.

"No, it's worse than before," laughed Yucca.

"Well, in that case, it's a good thing you came to California," countered Groucho, "at least you got rid of your doctor."



Groucho turned to a pretty U.C.L.A. freshman and asked if she were being rushed by any fraternities.

"You mean sororities—fraternities don't rush women."

Groucho shook his head. "Things have certainly changed since I went to school. We used to rush anything."



"Are all hostesses as pretty as you?" an intrigued Groucho asked an airline hostess.

"Well, the company does hire girls on the attractive side."

A long look later Groucho commented, "I don't know which is your attractive side, but there's certainly nothing wrong with the one I'm looking at. Tell me, is there anything about your passengers that annoys you?"

"Passengers who don't obey rules and men who smoke cigars."

Groucho remonstrated, "You mean I can't smoke my cigar?"

"Well, we'd use discretion," was the cautious reply.

"Well, I use tobacco," quipped Groucho.

"If you don't annoy the lady passengers, you may smoke," she conceded.

Whooped Groucho, "In that case I won't smoke. It's more fun to annoy the ladies. I didn't know there was a choice!"



Editor's Note: When You Bet Your Life was on radio only (Wed., 9 P.M., EDT, NBC) the listener had to mentally supply the cigar-waving and leering Groucho Marx threw in as a bonus along with remarks to contestants. Now that You Bet Your Life is on TV as well (Thurs., 8 P.M., EDT, NBC-TV; both DeSoto sponsored) these trademarx can be seen. On these pages are printed famous "Groucho-isms."

Groucho-isms

When Groucho asked a Good Humor girl if her job wasn't unusual, she explained, "There are only thirteen of us and we're an experiment. If we make good you may see us all over."

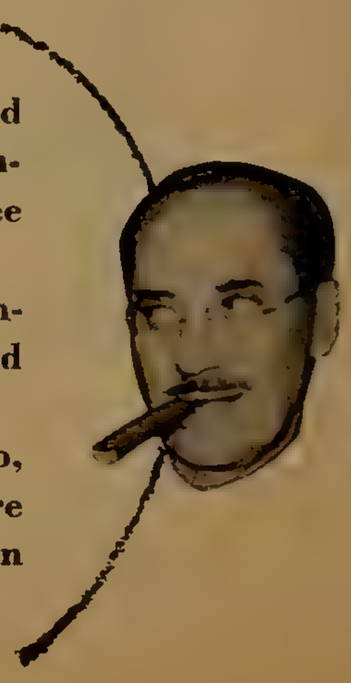
A wicked look stole over Groucho's face and his eyebrows shot up. "Well, if you get all that for a dish of ice cream, it's not bad!"



Groucho asked a lifeguard whether it was true that a drowning person always went down three times.

"No, that's a fallacy. I remember seeing somebody bob up and down seven times."

"That's nice," sneered Groucho, "the poor sucker is out there drowning and you're standing on the beach counting."





When the young soldier told Groucho that he was just a buck private, Groucho asked . . . "and what would you like to be?"

"A civilian!" said the soldier.

"Sorry, we're full up," replied Groucho, "but leave your name at the front office, and if anything turns up, we'll let you know."



A dark-haired beauty in a deputy sheriff's uniform caused Groucho to comment favorably about female sheriffs. He asked her if she had ever had occasion to use her .38 revolver. When she replied no, Groucho exclaimed, "Let's you and I go out after the show tonight. I'd give you occasion. I'm having walnuts for dinner and we can use your revolver to crack them."



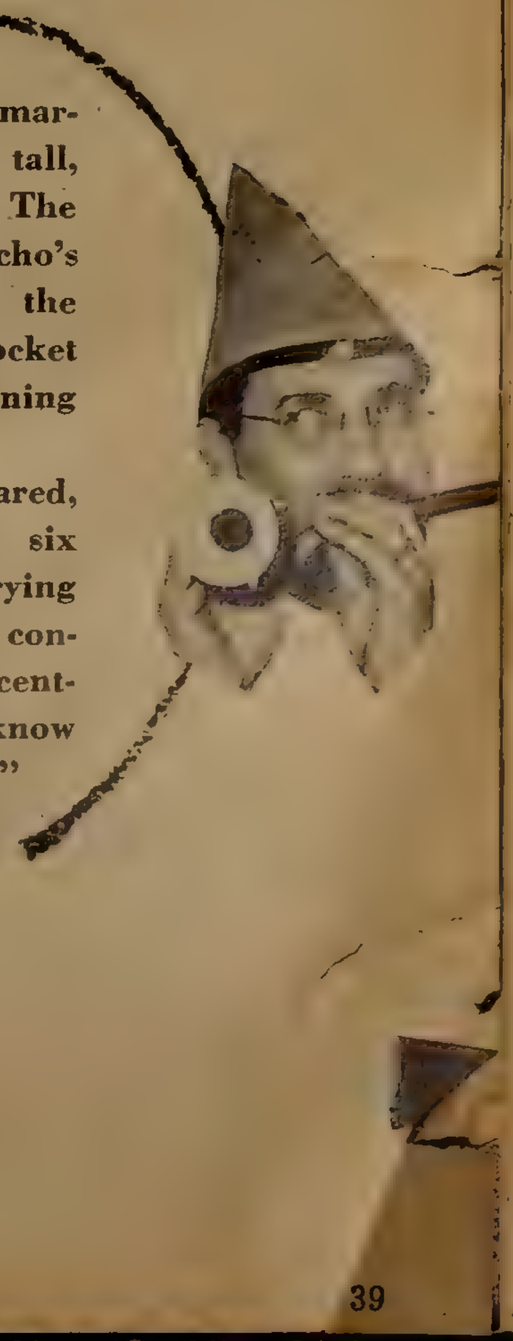
Groucho's sporting blood came to a boil when he interviewed a pretty girl judo expert and a burly football player.

Groucho bet he could steal a kiss from the girl; she said he couldn't. Wily Groucho asked her to demonstrate a judo hold on the football star and as she held the husky fellow with an arm lock, Groucho whipped over and kissed her on the cheek.



Groucho talked to a newly-married man, six feet, five inches tall, and asked to try on his coat. The coat came down to Groucho's knees as he walked around the stage. He reached in the pocket and pulled out a box containing ant powder.

"Ant powder," he roared, "you've only been married six weeks and already you're trying to poison her. "You know," continued Groucho looking innocently at the cameras, "I didn't know people got ants in their coats."



A new figure...

Eileen Wilson knew what she wanted—a new figure!

This popular singing star of NBC's Hit Parade once weighed 185 pounds.

Now she's a slender 125 pounds. How did she do it?

She's the cook

Eileen prepares her own meals so she won't be tempted by luscious, fattening foods. To help her remember the menus that her family doctor suggested, she tacks a daily diet card on the kitchen cupboard door. Says Eileen, "I always serve my food on pretty plates and use a cheerful-looking tablecloth. It's surprising how this makes the meal look so much more appetizing. It helps to take the sting out of dieting and certainly does bolster my willpower."



brought happiness and success to Eileen Wilson

On these pages she shows you the "Wilson-Wonder-Way-to-a-Trim-Figure." It worked for Eileen and now she's the happiest gal in town. Maybe it can do the same for you. BY DORRY ELLIS

No candy for Eileen

Even though Ray Kellogg, who is Eileen's husband, tries to tease her by offering chocolates, she doesn't give in. Her motto is: "Develop a determined resistance against anything that is an obstacle to a feathery figure. To keep my eager hands from reaching into the candybox, I learned how to knit. That diverts my attention plenty! Busy hands don't get in trouble . . . and eating between meals is the kind of trouble I go out of my way to avoid."





Time out for grooming

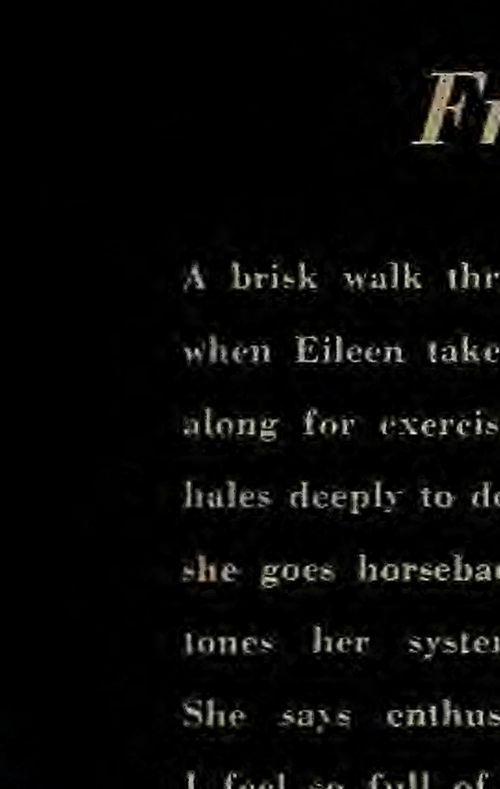
Every moment in Eileen's busy life is put to good use. As she studies the lyrics of a new song she will sing on Hit Parade, she sits on the floor cross-legged and brushes her hair until her scalp tingles. This daily stimulation keeps her hair at a shining pitch of health. Eileen claims that one of the most important parts of her beauty routine is special care of her clear complexion. She regularly massages her face and neck with a rich cream.

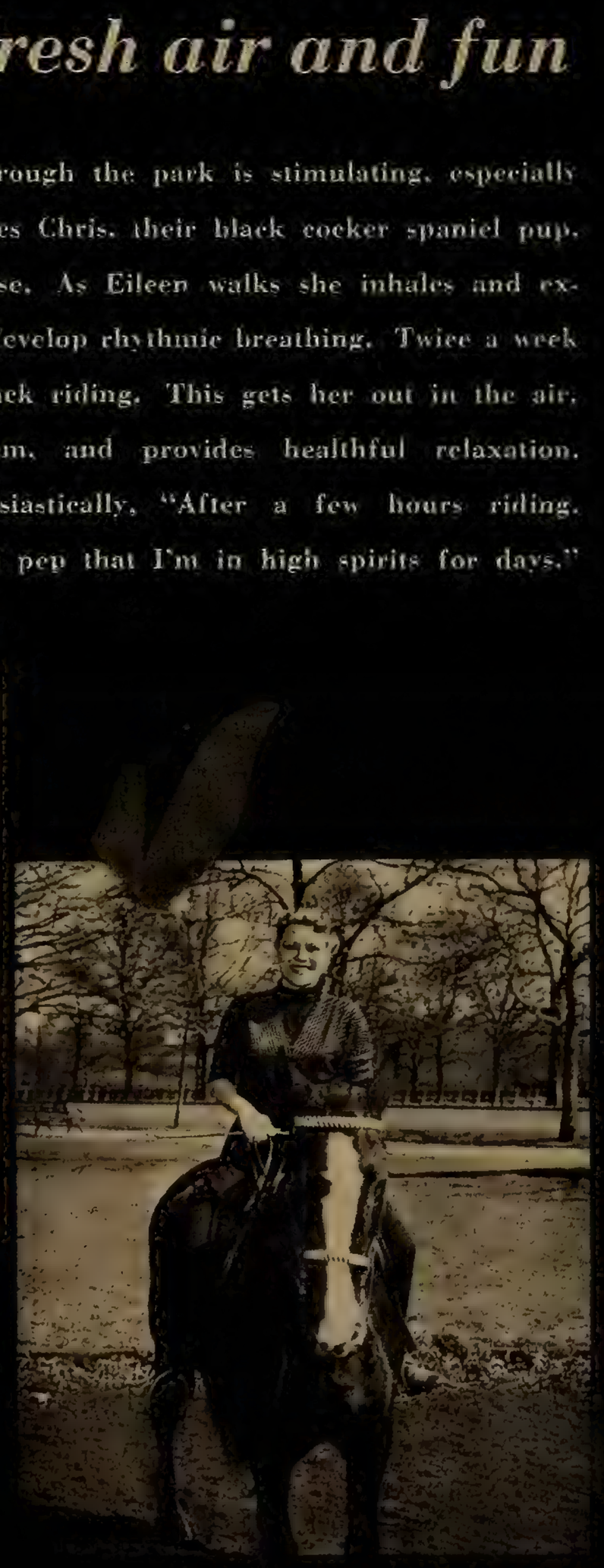
Turn to the next page

A new figure... continued

Fresh air and fun

A brisk walk through the park is stimulating, especially when Eileen takes Chris, their black cocker spaniel pup, along for exercise. As Eileen walks she inhales and exhales deeply to develop rhythmic breathing. Twice a week she goes horseback riding. This gets her out in the air, tones her system, and provides healthful relaxation. She says enthusiastically, "After a few hours riding, I feel so full of pep that I'm in high spirits for days."





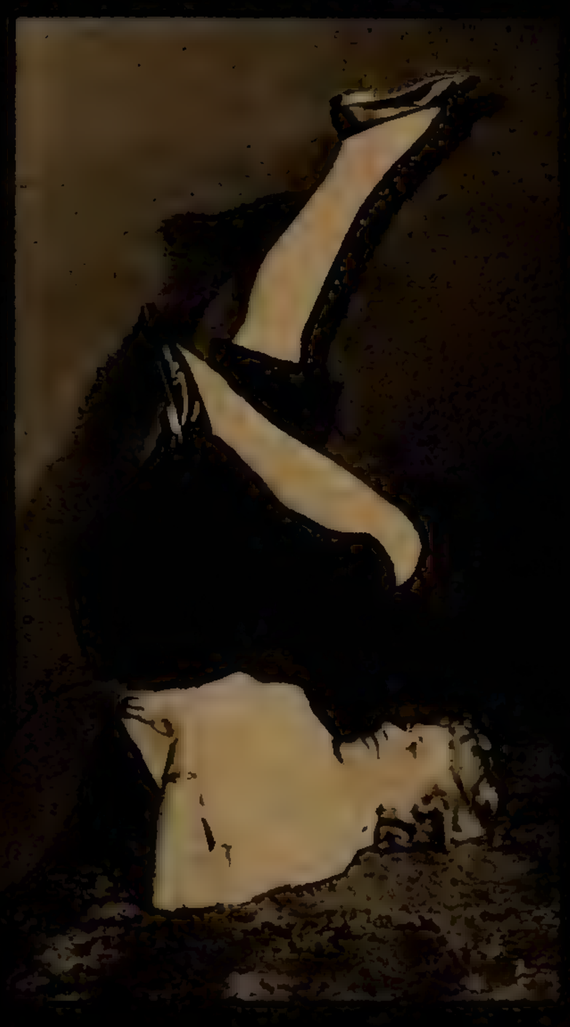
Eileen's personal diet

MONDAY Breakfast: Lunch: Dinner:	Grapefruit, one or two eggs, black coffee Eggs, spinach or tomatoes, coffee Eggs, combination salad, one piece of dry toast, grapefruit, coffee
TUESDAY Breakfast: Lunch: Dinner:	Grapefruit, one or two eggs, black coffee Eggs, grapefruit, coffee Steak, tomatoes, lettuce, celery, olives, cucumbers, coffee or tea
WEDNESDAY Breakfast: Lunch: Dinner:	Grapefruit, one or two eggs, black coffee Eggs, tomatoes, spinach, coffee Two lamb chops, celery, cucumbers, tomatoes, coffee
THURSDAY Breakfast: Lunch: Dinner:	Grapefruit, one or two eggs, black coffee Eggs, spinach, coffee Eggs, cottage cheese, spinach, one piece dry dark toast, coffee
FRIDAY Breakfast: Lunch: Dinner:	Grapefruit, one or two eggs, black coffee Eggs, spinach, coffee Fish, combination salad, one piece dry toast, grapefruit, coffee
SATURDAY Breakfast: Lunch: Dinner:	Grapefruit, one or two eggs, black coffee Large fruit salad Plenty of steak, celery, cucumbers, coffee or tea
SUNDAY Breakfast: Lunch: Dinner:	Grapefruit, one or two eggs, black coffee Cold chicken, tomatoes, grapefruit, coffee Vegetable soup, chicken, tomatoes, cooked cabbage, carrots, grapefruit, coffee

This two-week diet should be followed only if your family physician approves







Three ways to exercise

Weight has a way of shifting around to the wrong places. Although Eileen maintains an even 125 pounds, she still must exercise regularly to keep her figure in good proportion. Here's how she does it: Daily housework is a wonderful way of stretching and bending (she keeps her stomach flat and bends from the waist, of course) then she does the bicycle exercise to slim her legs. Her posture is improved by ballet practice. This also adds grace.



New clothes—new glamor

"Can you imagine what a thrill it was for me to lose sixty pounds! I used to look longingly at girls with lithe figures. If only I could wear pretty clothes! But as long as I remained 185 pounds I had to be content with matronly styles. Life is mighty different for me, now that I tip the scales at 125 pounds. I've learned to pick clothes that flatter my figure. I love color in my life so I wear beautiful pastels as well as bold colors in plaid or printed designs. My make-up is carefully planned to blend or contrast with my outfit. Most of all, I love the self-assurance that perfume gives me. Think of what a new figure did for me! It opened the door to happiness and success."

The woman in my house

The creator of One Man's Family gives you a new drama with new and equally endearing characters



CARLTON E. MORSE, creator of One Man's Family and I Love a Mystery, has done it again. His new daytime serial, The Woman in My House, is a warm, human story of an average family living in the better part of Chicago. Father James Carter has a heavy problem on his hands just now because his teenage son and daughter, Clay and Sandy, have become involved in a manslaughter charge. Jeff, the oldest son, whose ideas often conflict with his father's, is engaged in secret work for the FBI and unable to tell his family what he is doing. They, judging from the company he keeps, suspect him of being a racketeer, particularly after his sister, Virginia, overhears a mysterious phone call. Virginia, James Carter's favorite, is equally devoted to him. Her mother, Jessie, although she loves her husband dearly, encourages Virginia to get out and live a life of her own.

The Woman In My House is heard M-F at 1:45 EDT, NBC, sponsored by Manhattan Soap.

A-Jeff, the eldest son, is involved in matters the nature of which his family is unaware. They, of course, suspect the worst. (Played by Les Tremayne)

B-Virginia, the Carter daughter, wants to live a life of her own. Mother encourages this idea, father discourages it. (Played by Alice Rhinehart, wife of Les)

C-Peter, the youngest son, is as alert to all the doings of the household as only a healthy, inquisitive twelve-year-old can be. (Played by Jeffrey Silver)

D-Eighteen-years-old and pretty—Sandy is typically teen-age in her likes and dislikes, often clashes with her father. (Played by Peggy Webber)

E-Clay, at nineteen, is fun loving, flippant and devoted to sister Sandy. Their innocent intrigues are a trial to father. (Played by Billy Idelson)

F-Jessie Carter, wise and mature, recognizes the needs of her children, tries to get father to do the same. (Played by Janet Scott)

G-James Carter loves his family dearly even if he doesn't always agree completely with their ideas. (Played by Forest Lewis)











Gene Autry's prize round-up!

Calling all junior cowboys—and girls, too—it's contest time!

BY GENE AUTRY

NEXT to having a horse all your own—which isn't easy these days considering so many people live in cities and towns—the next best thing to get around on for a boy or girl is a bicycle. And I think the bicycle that's the grand prize in this contest is just about the most exciting thing any young cowboy could win. But there's something else I want to pass along to you. Looking and living the part of a cowboy isn't enough. A fearless, honest cowboy has high ideals. No matter what the circumstances, he has the courage to stick by his code. This is my code and I'm mighty proud to pass it along to you.

Gene Autry's "Code of the West"

A cowboy never takes unfair advantage—even of an enemy.

A cowboy never betrays a trust.

A cowboy always tells the truth.

A cowboy is kind—to small children, to old folks and to animals.

A cowboy is free from racial and religious prejudice.

A cowboy is helpful and when anyone's in trouble he lends a hand.

A cowboy is a good worker.

A cowboy is (*Continued on page* 86)

23

prizes for boys and girls including a genuine Gene Autry bicycle!

***The** Gene Autry Show is heard Sat., 8 P.M. EDT, CBS; on TV Sun., 7 P.M., EDT, CBS-TV. Sponsored by William Wrigley, Jr., Co.*



This is my life

Wife, mother, actress—off the air as well as on, Big Sister knows what goes into a comfortable, well-run and happy home

It seems to me I've had housing problems longer and more often than anybody else I know. My husband and I came to New York from our home in Toronto, Canada, shortly after the close of the war—Court and I are both actors, and since New York is the heart of radio and theater, it seemed the logical place for us Bensons to settle.

At that time the housing situation couldn't have been worse. We finally found a little—and I use the word advisedly—two-and-a-half-room walk-up apartment. The half room was really the kitchen in the hall. About two years later the arrival of Andrea necessitated another move—this time to a small four-room apartment. Here our bedroom overlooked the delivery entrance of the local post office, and we slept to the accompaniment of the loading and unloading of trucks.

When it was reported on good authority that we might expect another addition to the family last December, we made a mad dash for our by now near and dear friends, the real estate agents. This time we decided to find a home large enough to house us once and for all. Of course I really hadn't had in mind a place with a dining room large enough to flood over in the winter to accommodate moderate-sized skating parties . . . but that's what I got! The building is quite old, and as is true with most old buildings, the rooms are over-sized, with extremely high ceilings. With the present cost of furniture, the prospect of outfitting a large seven-room apartment was somewhat staggering to us. But the thought of having to hunt for another place was even more so.

It was at this point that I developed an interest in auction sales. A wonderful institution, auction sales, and I can't recommend them highly enough to people on budgets! As Court says, if you're persistent, you can find anything and everything in these going-going-gone houses. However, if you don't know much about woods and authentic antiques, I suggest you take time off to study your local auction houses to determine which is the most reliable.

Court and I are particularly fond of English and French periods, so in the living room we've mixed Chippendale with a few pieces of Louis XV and XVI. One of our pride and joys is a Marquise chair—a semi-circular cushioned chair that was constructed to accommodate madame and her hooped skirt. It makes a really handsome small love seat and is a wonderful conversation piece!

Despite its size, I couldn't be more proud of my dining room. The room has been styled around a buffet I found—antique glass trimmed with silver leafed wood. After we purchased the buffet, I was met with the problem (there I go again) of finding suitable chairs and table. Ordinary woods such as mahogany, oak, etc., killed the buffet, and vice versa. So we bought the dining table and chairs for their shape only, and had a little furniture man silver leaf them to match the buffet. The finish is heat resistant, so I use only table mats—a great laundry saver! And it's really ever so much more practical than mahogany and dark woods. The silver color does not act as a reflector to the dust that hourly settles in New York apartments.

The arrival of Paul, our second child, posed the usual problem of helping our two-year-old daughter through her period of adjustment. Andrea is an active, warm-hearted child, just a bit on the sensitive side, and a true "ham" at heart. But with two such parents, I suppose it was to be expected. We tried to be very careful to get the point across that the expected addition to the family was going to be just that—an addition, *not* someone to take the place of Andrea. At Christmas we gave Andrea a washable doll and a doll baby bassinet so that she and Mother would be able to take care of their new babies together. While I was in the hospital, Court brought her a lollypop each day "from Paul," and by the time I came home with Paul, she had developed a really friendly feeling toward her new brother. I must admit, though, that she was somewhat shocked and a bit disappointed at his size. She evidently hadn't really believed he would be so close to her doll baby in size. However, it wasn't long (*Continued on page 67*)

Big Sister is heard Monday through Friday at 1:00 P.M. EDT on CBS stations. Sponsored by Procter & Gamble.



Two-and-a-half-year old Andrea becomes a big sister, too, but at the moment she'd rather give favorite doll Susie the same careful attention mother gives baby brother Paul. Mother is Grace Matthews, radio's Big Sister; Daddy is Court Benson, actor.





RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR'S

daytime fashions for you

FOR PLAY, for street wear, for dress-up, too—for all-day all-summer prettiness and comfort, cotton look-alikes for mother and daughter are first choice. There's a certain something about these mother-daughter darlings that makes Mama look younger, lovelier, and daughter feel most elegantly grown-up—and that's good for them both! Two sets of such look-alikes are worn here by Barbra Fuller (who plays Claudia in the radio version of One Man's Family) and a small friend. In the color picture, jaunty sailor dresses, double-breasted, with matching square collars and deep, stand-out pockets. Navy piping points up collar and dress-front.

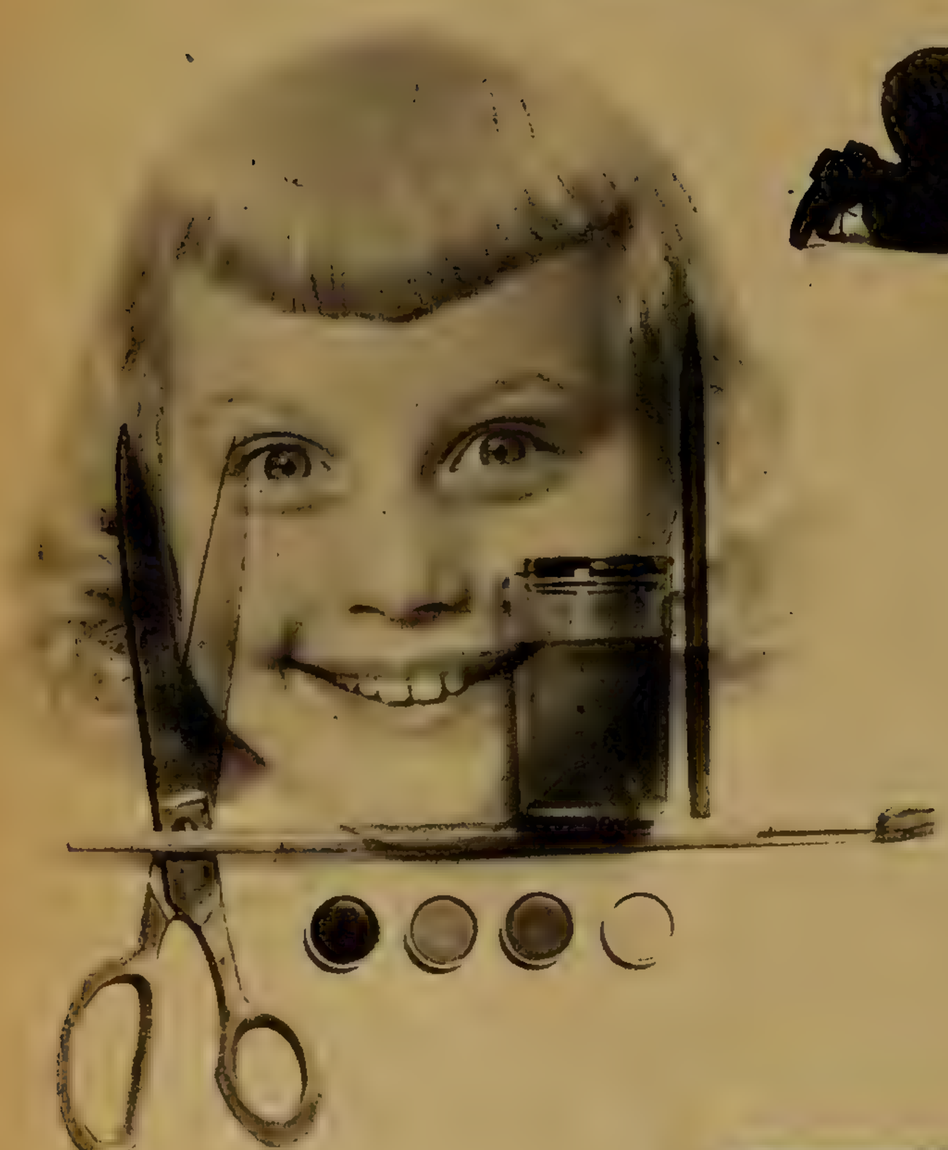
Done in a wonderful fabric, Everglaze Devon, a wrinkle-resistant cotton with a permanent finish which means no starching, ever! These pretties come in pink, blue, yellow or white. Mother's dress, sizes 10-18, under $9.00. Little girl's sizes 3-6x, under $5.00; 1-3, under $4.00; 7-12, under $6.00. Summer-wonderful accessories: white gloves by Fownes and shoes by Capezio. On this page, another pair of "twins." For play, for casual wear, a one-piece playsuit, sleeveless, with a little round collar and button-front, straight-leg shorts. To wear over it when you wish, a matching button-front skirt perked up with patch pockets. In cheerful prints, cherry red or blue on white ground. Mother's dress comes in sizes 10-18 and is priced under $11.00. Small fry outfit in 3-6x is under $6.00 and 7-12, under $8.00. The material is a printed, embossed cotton that looks for all the world like pique. With these sun-and-fun clothes, so easy to wash and to iron, you're all set for summer.



These fashions by Jack Borgenicht at stores on page 23

One Man's Family is heard M-F at 7:45 P.M. EDT, NBC network stations. Sponsored by Miles Laboratories' Bactine, Tabcin and Alka Seltzer.

Junior MIRROR







Happy Felton, here with Preacher Roe, right, and a Knot Holer.

Tips on Baseball

By Happy Felton

HI, FELLOWS. This is the most exciting time of the year with baseball in full swing. When I was a youngster I couldn't decide whether Christmas or the opening day of the season was the most important but I finally decided on the "opener" for Christmas lasts only twenty-four hours and baseball runs five months. And on the Knot-Hole Gang show we try to make your enjoyment even keener. When you dial us in, you'll learn how you can qualify for a free trip to the ball field where you can talk with your favorite big league players and, of course, we have many of these same stars on the program with hardball advice for you.

You'd be surprised what a big kick the players get out of chewing the rag with you. I remember one youngster meeting Preacher Roe under the stands.

He asked, "How many innings should I pitch at a time?" (*Continued on page* 68)

Lucky Pup Cutouts

By Doris Brown



HERE ARE Foodini the Magnificent, Jolo the clown and Pinhead. You can have paper dolls of them to play with or set on the top of your television cabinet. Directions: Paste each of these figures on a piece of cardboard then carefully cut along the heavy outline of each. You can easily make a cardboard support to paste on the back so the paper dolls will stand up.

M-F, 5 P.M. EDT, 6:30 P.M., Sat., CBS-TV.





A Wilmer Story

By Pat Meikle



(Sketch #1)—It seems that one evening, right after supper, Mr. and Mrs. Pigeon settled down in front of their television set to watch one of their favorite programs. Wilmer and Maxwell, the Mouse, had gone off to their room to read their picture books.

(Sketch #2)—Just as the program had reached the part that Mr. and Mrs. Pigeon were most anxious to see, Maxwell came tripping in—walking in front of the screen! —to tell them something funny he had just seen in his book. By the time they had gotten him out of the way, they had missed the favorite part of their favorite program.

(Sketch #3)—He couldn't understand why they were so upset about it but the very next day, when Wilmer and Maxwell were watching their favorite program, Mrs. Pigeon came in and stood in front of the screen with her knitting and began talking about someone she had met at the grocer's that afternoon.

(Sketch #4)—Wilmer and Maxwell thought this was quite unimportant when they were watching their favorite show, and they told Mrs. Pigeon so. Mrs. Pigeon reminded Maxwell about the previous evening and suddenly both boys realized that they had been guilty of interrupting their parents' pleasure quite often in the same way. They felt quite bad about it but realized, as Mrs. Pigeon pointed out, that they had learned one very good lesson: If you don't like to be interrupted in watching your favorite television program, be considerate of grownups watching their favorites and don't interrupt them.

Baby Sitter: Mon.-Fri., 10 A.M. EDT and Magic Cottage: Mon.-Fri., 6:30 P.M. EDT; both on DuMont.







BY NANCY CRAIG
Radio Television Mirror
Food Counselor.
Heard 4 P.M. EDT,
Mon.-Fri. on ABC stations.

Suit-yourself Sundaes

CREPE paper firecrackers are safer than the real thing." I say this every year because the July Fourth I remember most clearly is the one of loud noise! All the children had stacked their assorted fireworks. Someone dropped a piece of lighted "punk" and in a few seconds everything had exploded. To our excitement and dismay because this meant our celebration was over. To our parents' delight because the time of danger was over. I'm quite sure the ice cream sundaes and cake that we had later helped to lessen our grief.

BRANDY MARSHMALLOW SAUCE

Makes about 1½ cups sauce
½ pound of marshmallows
¼ cup coffee
2 tablespoons brandy
10 marshmallows, cut up

Combine ½ pound marshmallows and coffee in the top of a double boiler. Place over hot water. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until marshmallows begin to melt. It will take only a few minutes. Remove from heat, stir until mixture is smooth and fluffy. Add brandy; mix well. Place cut up marshmallows in bottom of sauce dish. Pour warm sauce over them. Serve immediately with ice cream.

BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

Makes about 2 cups sauce
¾ cup brown sugar
1 cup light corn syrup
¼ cup butter
½ pint light cream

Combine sugar and corn syrup in a saucepan. Bring to a boil and boil for 5 minutes. Add butter and light cream. Bring to a brisk boil. Remove from heat immediately. Cool and serve on ice cream with chopped nuts.

RASPBERRY OR BLUEBERRY SAUCE

Makes about 1¾ cups sauce
½ cup sugar
2 teaspoons cornstarch
dash of salt
½ cup cold water
2 cups fresh raspberries or blueberries

Combine sugar, cornstarch and salt in a saucepan. Stir water in slowly; mix until smooth. Add berries. Cook over low heat, stirring until sauce is clear and thickened. Cool and serve.

GRAPEFRUIT SHERBET

Makes about 1½ quarts sherbet
4 large grapefruit
¼ cup lemon juice
1 pint heavy cream whipped
1½-2 cups sugar

Scoop out pulp and juice from grapefruit. Add lemon juice and sugar (to taste). Mix well, fold in whipped cream. Set refrigerator at lowest temperature. Turn mixture into refrigerator tray, freeze until firm about ½ inch from edge. Put into a chilled bowl, beat with rotary beater until mixture is thick mush. Return to tray, continue freezing until firm throughout (2 hours). Then set controls halfway between coldest and normal temperature until serving.

Special section

Songs for sale

They all know me!

BY JAN MURRAY

WHEN CBS assigned me to emcee their big Songs For Sale musical show a year ago, it was not only pleasant but downright surprising. I couldn't tell B-sharp from four pounds of rutabagas, Strauss was just an auto store, and music by Handel meant a hurdy-gurdy. But I plunged in. If I had known what was in store I would have tripled my insurance, given an assumed name . . . and plunged in even faster.

Actually in many ways being basically unversed (stupid) in music was helpful. On Songs For Sale I interview four new, unknown songwriters each Friday night, and my main task is to put them at ease. Usually after my very first question, these guests, novices though they are, realize they know so much more than I do that they're completely at ease. Then they sympathize with me and try to help *me* relax. Working with these newcomers is fun. It's very gratifying to share their excitement as they hear their song, their very own composition, brought to life by Ray Bloch and his big show-time orchestra and sung by top vocalists such as Richard Hayes and Rosette Shaw. Remembering my own beginning in show business, I can join with them in the thrill of hearing their own efforts cheered by packed studio audiences and listeners coast-to-coast.

Songs For Sale appealed to me from the start as a fresh stimulating program idea, but it seemed to have one drawback. Veteran producer Herb Moss was an acute showman with fifteen years of top show credits, and orchestra leader Ray Bloch was a music wizard, but I was afraid we might run out of new song- (*Continued on page* 102)

Songs For Sale, with Jan Murray, is heard Fridays, 8 P.M. EDT, CBS. Jan is also on Sing It Again, simulcast Sat., 10 P.M. EDT, CBS & CBS-TV. Sponsored by Carter Products and Sterling Drug.





***Jan** claims he's a musical illiterate, but he's learned—and learned fast—to fit his role as Songs For Sale emcee. His wife, former actress Toni Kelly, shares his fondness for mysteries and movies. And she's tolerant of his shower serenades.*

***Eleven-month-old** daughter Celia, Jan suspects, is musically inclined. She, however, isn't telling, preferring to keep her songs on a low, gurgling scale. The Murrays live in a midtown Manhattan apartment near the CBS studios.*



More Songs For Sale

Special section

Songs for sale

Hayes fever

• Dungarees are his off-stage raiment, and playful off-key whistling the only vice of this very likable croon prince whose strictly on-key voice rules the ratings as one of the hottest things in show business today. And Richard's whistling may even be excusable on the grounds of a severe case of royal bliss. With a lovely little queen, wife Peggy Ann Garner, four lovely big radio and TV shows, booming record sales, plus the satisfaction of doing a job he likes, this boy should ring bells and shoot rockets.

Born near Brooklyn's waterfront district, the Hayes youngster first discovered his voice in Mark Hopkins' school glee club. After singing with Teddy Phillip's band, he tried Godfrey's Talent Scouts and received "the greatest spontaneous ovation given any winner on the show." With SFS came recognition and romance. Vocalist Rosemary Clooney introduced him to Hollywood star Peggy Ann Garner and from the moment they met they had only to name the wedding date. They did and it was last Washington's Birthday. Peggy and Richard live in a small Manhattan apartment with Miss Mococo, their cocker spaniel.

***Responsible** for the contagion known as Hayes Fever—Richard himself with wife Peggy Ann.*





Brooklyn's lovely Rosette Shaw has always had two loves, dogs and show business. She started tap dancing when eight, but at thirteen a heart condition forced two years of vexing idleness, with only her fox terrier to comfort her. Undismayed, she studied voice, and at sixteen she put up her hair to look eighteen and landed a vocal spot at a small local night club. Her mother kept her company in her dressing room, and between shows she studied algebra and Spanish for next day's high school classes. After graduation she and her pup toured eighteen months with Miguelito Valdes' Orchestra. Paramount Theatre and La Martinique booked her as a solo, she made her TV debut with Allen Dale, and premiered on network radio in April on Songs for Sale Friday the 13th. Rosette is single, makes her own clothes, avidly reads Somerset Maugham.





Man in charge of SFS headaches is Herbert Moss, the producer. Staffers say he's more likely to make a joke than a jibe in tense moments. But, above right with Jan, it's mock solicitation for Murray's mock anguish. Below: Herb, Rosette, Richard, Ray Bloch.



More Songs For Sale

Special section

Songs for sale

Tips for tune writers

CAN you write words to a tune? Two Songs For Sale professionals think you can, veteran conductor-arranger Ray Bloch and panelist Mitch Miller, director of popular records for Columbia Records.

During the past year on the program, they have discovered two reasons why fresh new lyric writers are not coming to light. In reviewing music submitted, they found many promising lyricists hampered by an unwieldy amateur melody or by the lack of a musical collaborator.

Therefore, to encourage undiscovered word-workers, RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR has volunteered to be a silent musical collaborator. An original workable tune has been procured and appears on the following pages. This music is for you to use in writing words to fit it. Prizes, of course. See contest rules on opposite page.

Messrs. Bloch and Miller, the head judges, are keenly interested in developing new talent and offer these helpful hints to would-be Hammersteins and Porters:

DO 1. Listen to the tune repeatedly until it's fixed in your mind before writing a single word.

2. Use just *one* idea, modify and relate to it. (Example: "Some Enchanted Evening")

3. Be natural, simple, brief, avoid triteness.

4. Write a word poem that reads well without music.

5. If helpful, write with the style of a particular singer or band in mind.

6. Get a fresh-sounding title, repeat it in its entirety at least twice in the same relative place in the song. Make it a clue to the mood and direction of the whole song.

7. Experiment with internal rhymes and also sound effects especially where tune runs too fast for words.

8. Have the story line end optimistically.

DON'T 1. Don't force a rhyme. If the second matching word is strained, go back and change both.

2. Don't use harsh sounds such as "j's" and "k's," especially on notes that are sustained.

3. Don't worry if song can be sung by just a woman

***Songs** For Sale's regular panelist, Mitchell Miller, is director of popular recordings for Columbia Records. He and Ray Bloch, right, conductor-arranger for SFS, believe that studying the techniques of top craftsmen is an important preliminary to good lyric writing. They also suggest writing lyrics for current hits, trying different tempos.*

(ex.: "The Man I Love") or just a man.

4. Don't tangle with taboo topics in questionable taste.

5. Don't worry if you don't know musical mechanics. Most successful lyricists are poor musicians.

6. Finally, don't forget that public taste is unpredictable. Songs contradicting all these tips become hits.

SAMPLE LYRIC FOR CONTEST TUNE

Tin Pan Alley's famous songwriting team of Ervin Drake and Jimmy Shirl have volunteered their help with a sample lyric as a starter. They are best known for such hits as "Tico, Tico," and "Come to the Mardi Gras."

IT HAPPENS EVERYTIME

Lyrics by Ervin Drake & Jimmy Shirl

I keep saying that we're through
But everytime I do
Just then you appear
And I seem to hear—bells chime . . .
They go ding-dong—a-dingity-dong.
IT HAPPENS EVERYTIME!

Told my heart: "Now hush your fuss—
Romance is not for us!"
But soon as we meet
My heart starts to beat—in rhyme . . .
It goes tick-tock—a-tickety-tock.
IT HAPPENS EVERYTIME!



All day, how I pray for nighttime,
That's when I'll forget, it seems.
I close my eyes at nighttime—
Then what do you do—you walk into my dreams!

Darling, tell me that it's true,
It happens to you, too,
That ring in the head
That sounds like a wed-ding chime . . .
It goes ding-dong—a-dingity-dong . . .
IT HAPPENS EVERYTIME!!



Songs For Sale Contest Rules

Here are the rules and regulations—read them carefully before submitting your entry

• You need not send in the printed musical pages. Just type or print your lyrics in a form similar to the sample form at left. Clearly mark your name and address.

Send to: RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR Songs For Sale Contest, P.O. Box 1370, Grand Central, New York 17, N. Y., postmarked on or before July 8, 1951. All entries become the property of RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR and none can be returned. The editors can enter into no correspondence concerning entries. All entries will be judged on the basis of originality, aptness of words and title, and conformity to the structure and mood of the music. Decision of the judges will be final.

The winner will be notified by July 22, and will receive an all-expense trip to and from New York City plus a weekend at the famous Hotel Vanderbilt on Park Avenue. The winner will appear on the Songs For Sale program of August 3, provided it is still on the air. (In the event that Songs For Sale goes off the air, no award will be made. In the event of a tie, a duplicate award will be given.) On Songs For Sale, the winner of the RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR contest will be among the four whose lyrics are played on the program. If the contest winner's lyrics are judged by the show's panel to be the best among the four, they will then be published by a New York song publishing house. The winner on SFS receives $200; losers receive $50 each.

The guidance lyric in the opposite column is just given for encouragement. Don't feel constrained to follow their style. The melody on pages 62 and 63 is basically a rhythm ballad with both lyric and novelty qualities. It was designed to depend for life on the words that you devise.

Turn the Page For the Tune

TITLE _____

music by CARL BOSLER

lyrics by _____



Singing lullabies over a crib is new for Maggie—but how she loves it!

Margaret Whiting sings on the Jack Smith Show, M & F, 7:15 P.M. EDT, CBS. Sponsor: P & G's Tide.



BY MARGARET WHITING

Most women expect at some time in their lives to become mothers. Most people expect most women to do so. News of approaching motherhood is usually greeted with delighted cries of "Darling, how perfectly wonderful," or "I'm so happy for you," or "Gee, that's really great." I know, because I've said the very same things myself countless times to others.

But what happens when I have a little announcement of my own to make? People look at me in disbelief and gasp, "Oh, no! Not you!"

It's disconcerting to say the least, but then all those people couldn't possibly know that the Maggie Whiting who was telling them this news was not the same girl they had known in the carefree days of old.





Not so very long ago I was strictly the career girl. I loved to stay up late, go to night-clubs, parties, see every show in town. Sometimes on an hour's notice I'd throw some clothes in a suitcase and hop a plane to some distant city just to visit with an old friend or member of the family whom I hadn't seen for a while.



I remember the time my sister Barbara called me from New York. She didn't want anything special. She said she just got lonesome for me and wanted to hear my voice. Without (*Continued on page* 82)



Sophie Tucker visits the Shamrock to sing some of the songs she has made famous throughout the world.

SATURDAY AT THE SHAMROCK

"THERE'S a great big beautiful Texas moon over Houston tonight" is the cue for the start of the shenanigans for Saturday at the Shamrock. Originating from Glen McCarthy's fabulous Shamrock Hotel, this coast-to-coast American Broadcasting Company show presents the nation's top-drawer talent.

When Texas does anything, it does it BIG! The emphasis of the entire KXYZ show is on the best in entertainment—BIG names in motion pictures and BIG names in radio. Featured stars playing at the Shamrock Hotel are guests-of-honor on the show. But they are much more than guests. The script is built around them, and each successive week makes the list of performers who have appeared read like a Who's Who in Show Business.

During the past twelve months people like Dorothy Lamour, Phil Harris, Burns and Allen, Dinah Shore, Tommy Dorsey, Maxie Rosenbloom, Jack Carson, Mel Torme and Sophie Tucker—to name just a few—have presented the best in comedy and music.

Versatile and dynamic Fred Nahas is producer and emcee of the show. On hand to provide the music is Henry King and his orchestra, aided by that rising young tenor, Dick Krueger. Robert H. Nolan writes the extremely varied script each week.



KXYZ's Fred Nahas chats with Mel Torme. At right, Burns and Allen drop in on the Shamrock cast to spend an unforgettable hour of hilarity on the program.



THIS IS MY LIFE

(*Continued from page* 49) before she entered into the spirit of the bassinet routine, and such exciting things as carrying Paul's bottle from the kitchen to the nursery make her feel so important. To say her parents are relieved is an understatement!

A number of my friends with small children seem to have trouble with family menus, particularly the dessert part. They seem to feel that each dinner requires two desserts—one for the adults and one for the small-fry. Personally, I think this is unnecessarily hard on the menu-maker . . . myself, of course. I have a number of desserts that are good as well as being good for one and all. Two family favorites are:

Orange-Lemon Banana Sherbet: Set refrigerator control at coldest point. Mix together juice of one orange and one lemon. Blend in one banana (peeled and mashed), 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water and 1/3 cup heavy cream. Pour into refrigerator tray and freeze until firm about 1/2 inch from edge of tray. Turn into chilled bowl and beat with rotary beater until free from large lumps. Mixture should look rather grainy. Return to tray and continue freezing until firm throughout, about two hours. Then set control back halfway between coldest and normal temperature until serving time. Makes about one quart.

Apple Corn Flake Pudding: Place in greased baking dish six pared and sliced cooking apples. Mix together ¾ cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon rind and ¼ teaspoon nutmeg. Spread 2/3 of this mixture over apples. Mix remaining 1/3 of mixture with ½ cup crushed corn flakes and ¼ cup melted butter. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F) 45 minutes. Serves 4-6.

Why is it that when you have a "sore thumb" in your home, that is where the guests congregate? We have probably the weirdest pantry anyone ever saw—a twenty-five by four-foot hallway lined on one side with pantry shelves and a collapsible serving shelf. With everything else that was going on, I hadn't paid too much attention to it . . . except to cast an occasional shudder in its general direction. But when we had our first party, I was horrified to find nearly a dozen lost guests merrily lining the walls of what I had come to think of as "our monstrosity."

The very next day I announced to Court that since the pantry was seemingly to take the place of a basement game room and/or bar, we would have to do something about it. It has now been turned into our "galley." Court's father had been associated with United Artists for many years, and Court has inherited a large and most unusual collection of pictures and "stills" of old silent movies and stars. We had always hoped some day to find a place for them. Suddenly it hit us that this twenty-five foot wall was just the place. So we covered the wall with black and white linoleum. At the risk of seeming immodest, there are a number of our own pictures interspersed with those of the greats of yesterday and today. And now I no longer mind the occasional loss of a guest to The Gallery.





STOP cooking the same old HUMDRUM MEALS

Now there is no need to serve your family the same old tiresome dishes day after day. For, with the aid of the new *Magic Cook Book*, you can put sparkle and variety into every meal. And you needn't strain your budget either.

The Magic Cook Book is different from the usual cook book. Its luscious recipes were gathered from every section of the country by the Food Editors of True Story Magazine. The result is the most thrilling collection of mouth-watering dishes you could ever hope for.

Even Beginners Can Cook Taste-Tingling Dishes

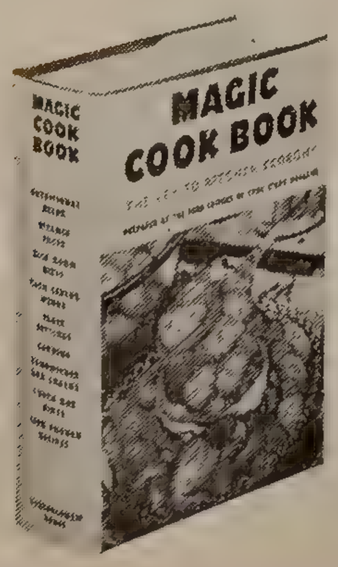
Now, from this selection of over 1500 exciting recipes you can serve your family a tremendous variety of palate-stirring dishes. And as the recipes in this unusual cook book are described in the step-by-step style, you just can't go wrong when you follow these easy instructions. Even beginners can prepare scrumptious meals —at the very first attempt.

Add new zest and variety to all your meals without added expense

This giant 500 page book contains more than exciting recipes. It is a complete storehouse of cooking information. It brings you important facts on nutrition . . . special sick room diets . . . suggestions on cooking for two . . . new ways to use package mixes . . . rules for table setting and service . . . and numerous other kitchen aids.

In addition to its many other remarkable features, this book is packed with money-saving ideas. It shows you how to get top nutritional value out of every dollar you spend on food. Here, also, are new ways to prepare low-cost dishes—also, simple ways to make inexpensive cuts of meat appetizing and attractive. Get this remarkable book at once and thrill your family and your friends with your new found culinary skill.

The price of this giant volume is $2.98 postpaid—or $2.98 plus postage, if you wish us to send you a copy C.O.D. Send for your copy of MAGIC COOK BOOK today. BARTHOLOMEW HOUSE, Inc., Dept. WG-751, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.



PARTIAL CONTENTS

Sections on: Cookies desserts • frostings cakes • pies • meats fish • sauces • poultry salads • eggs • and cheese dishes • beverages • breads • fruits charts and cooking tables • serving • canning • menus • Illustrated • Washable cover.

Over 500 pages — 32 illustrated pages.

R
M

Tips on Baseball

(*Continued from page* 52) tell you my own experience," Preacher said. "When I was your age my father permitted me to go three innings. When I was sixteen, I could go six innings at a time. And after that it was up to the opposition."

And I don't think anyone is more anxious to help than Roy Campanella, who has a few sons of his own. One thing Roy told me to pass on was, "Tell those boys I want to see more curve balls." It seems, according to Campy, too many young pitchers are depending almost entirely on fast balls when they get into a jam. He thinks you should mix them up a bit.

Campy made a point for catchers that many of you have been neglecting. After you set up the target for your pitcher and get that right hand under the glove, be sure to make a half-closed fist to protect your knuckles from fouls.

One question that keeps coming up every time one of you gets a new mitt is how it should be broken in so we may as well get it down in writing. Now Campy says he uses any kind of oil, vegetable, mineral or animal, and he rubs it in good. On the other hand, Preacher Roe soaks a new glove in water, then puts on a coat of oil and leaves it out in the hot sun to bake. Billy Cox further confuses the issue by saying he uses shoe polish. Maybe it boils down to this: any oil or fatty substance is good to break in the glove.

Of course, it's still the man behind the mitt that really makes it work. Some of the boys were beginning to think that good first basemen had to be double-jointed the way they split and twist. It's not so. Gil Hodges says he got his flexibility through years of physical conditioning.

Same thing with outfield throwing. You can't get that ball in accurately without plenty of practice. Best thing to do is set up a target of your own and just keep plugging away at it.

Now about a right bat, Slugger Jackie Robinson says no one can tell you a bat is too heavy or too light. A heavy bat may actually get you swinging late enough to improve the placement of your hits. Best thing, Jackie will tell you, is to experiment. Duke Snider came up with some good dope, too.

Duke was in a hitting slump when one of the Knot-Hole Gang approached him.

"Duke, you're my ideal," the boy said, "but you've been hitting bad lately. How come?"

"I've been swinging at bad pitches," Duke answered.

"I've been doing the same thing," the boy admitted sympathetically. "What can be done about it?"

"Well, I spend my nights dreaming about the strike zone," Duke told him. "Think it out beforehand so your reflex comes naturally."

And he went on to say that a good batter must have confidence. He can't be afraid of a pitcher. After that it's all in trying. Start out with the right form and after that it's practice and hard work.

Knot-Hole Gang is on WOR-TV, New York City, WBKB, Chicago, WNAC-TV and WBZ-TV, Boston, WJAR, Providence, WFAA, Dallas; WBAP, Fort Worth, WCAU-TV, WPTZ, WFIL, Philadelphia.

YOUR FAVORITE COSMETIC COUNTER POINTS THE WAY TO TRUE 'Cover Girl' Beauty

Do your beauty shopping at cosmetic counters that feature national favorites like these on the next 5 pages.

Your mirror will say "thank you" because these products are national favorites of proven quality.

Your pocketbook will also say "thank you" for their money saving values.

These twelve popular favorites are being featured now at cosmetic counters all over the country.

Look for the "cover girl" display in windows and on counters, and buy your summer needs today.

"Cosmetic counters that feature popular brands always carry every beauty need I ever use," says lovely **NELLIE JANE CANNON**, popular New York cover model

Your Favorite Cosmetic

Maybelline

EYE MAKE-UP

The eye make-up
preferred by smart
women everywhere

HELENE CURTIS Suave

Only SUAVE
keeps hair so lovely...
so naturally perfect

Tintair

Home
Hair Coloring

Nature isn't
always right —
but TINTAIR is!

Prell

Shampoo
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PRELL radiant shampoo
for that
'Radiantly Alive' Look!

AMERICA'S FAVORITE BEAUTY AIDS FOR NEW SUMMER BEAUTY

YOUR FAVORITE COSMETIC COUNTER POINTS THE WAY TO

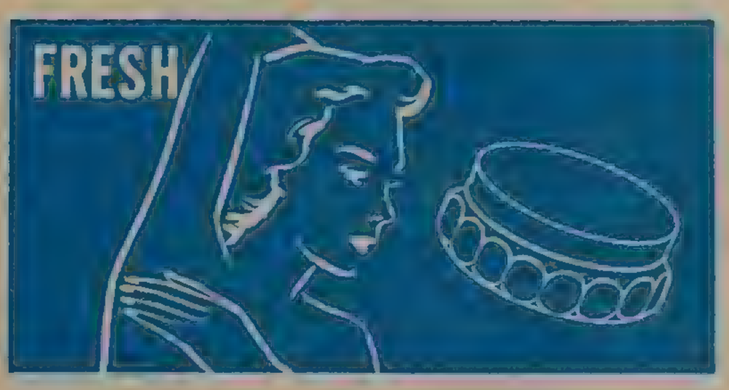
TRUE 'Cover Girl' Beauty by Dorry Ellis



TAKE YOUR CHOICE of the three BRECK Shampoos for three different hair conditions. Whether your hair is dry, oily or normal, BRECK has a special shampoo to meet your individual needs. Imagine being able to know that the shampoo you are using is caring for your hair as well as adding to its beauty. How wonderful, especially during the summer months, when you wash your hair more often, to have just the right shampoo for your hair condition. For fragrant, lustrous-looking hair use BRECK Shampoo frequently. The three shampoos are available at Beauty Shops and wherever cosmetics are sold.



MAKE DRAB HAIR COLORFUL with safe, temporary NOREEN. Now you can add all the glamorous color you want, or blend-in unwanted gray . . . without making a permanent change. NOREEN Super Color Rinse gives your hair such natural-looking color . . . color that rinses in like it belongs, and stays until shampoo'd out. There are 14 true-to-life shades, ranging from light gold to lustrous black, and lovely grays. Choose one, and "try it on." NOREEN is so easy to apply. It takes only 3 minutes with the NOREEN Color Applicator. Give your hair Cover Girl Color. Just select, and wear NOREEN Super Color Rinse.



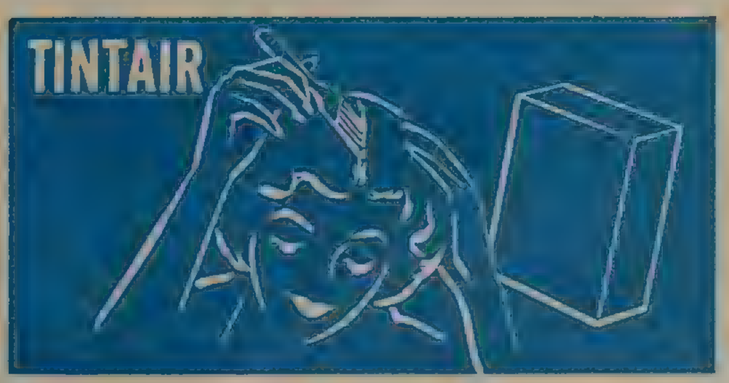
MANY PEOPLE THINK that underarm deodorants are about the same and give equal protection from offending. This is not true. Merely deodorizing is not enough—underarm perspiration must be stopped and stay stopped. Smart people use FRESH Cream Deodorant because it really stops perspiration. Furthermore, when you use FRESH you are assured of continuous protection. That's because FRESH contains amazing ingredients which become reactivated and start to work all over again at those special moments when you need protection most. No other deodorant cream has ever made you this promise.



JUST A MINUTE test will show you how much more beautiful you can be . . . with a brighter PEPSODENT Smile! First, run your tongue over your teeth. Feel the filmy coating that's spoiling your smile? Now brush your teeth with film-removing PEPSODENT for 1 minute. Repeat the tongue test. Notice how much cleaner your teeth feel? And you'll be amazed at the dazzling brightness your mirror reveals. PEPSODENT'S exclusive film-removing formula gets teeth brighter than the average of all other leading tooth pastes combined! And dentists will tell you: Brighter teeth are cleaner teeth . . . much less susceptible to decay.



CRITICALLY SPEAKING . . . have you looked at your complexion in a mirror lately—close up? Do skin-faults show through your make-up? Are enlarged pores, "bumps," or discolorations making you feel self-conscious? Not noticeable from afar, these faults pop right out in close-ups . . . which are often important moments! With SOLITAIR Cake Make-up, you're safe. SOLITAIR hides as it beautifies. It conceals every little blemish! Your skin seems to come alive with youthful freshness. SOLITAIR, containing Lanolin, is featherlight. 7 lovely shades, 30¢, 60¢, $1.00. It's one make-up that makes you lovely-to-look-at even in close-ups!



HOME WAS NEVER LIKE THIS . . . TINTAIR is the fabulous home hair coloring that can give you a whole, glamorous new personality in just a few magic minutes. TINTAIR makes it easy for you to have the beautiful, flattering, youthful-looking hair color you've always wanted. Just brush it on. Only TINTAIR has "Vegetable Catalyst D" . . . the amazing self-timing ingredient that automatically turns off the coloring action 15 minutes after you have applied TINTAIR. It's like the most expensive 5th Avenue professional treatment, costing up to $25. Yet, you can color your hair with TINTAIR, right in your own home, for only $2.

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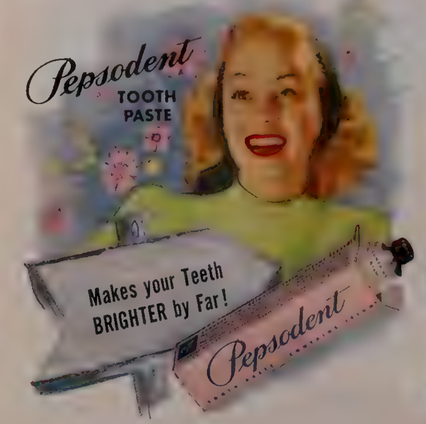














AMERICA'S FAVORITE BEAUTY AIDS FOR NEW SUMMER BEAUTY BEING FEATURED AT YOUR FAVORITE COSMETIC COUNTER

LOOK FOR THE 'COVER GIRL' DISPLAY ★ BUY YOUR NEEDS TODAY

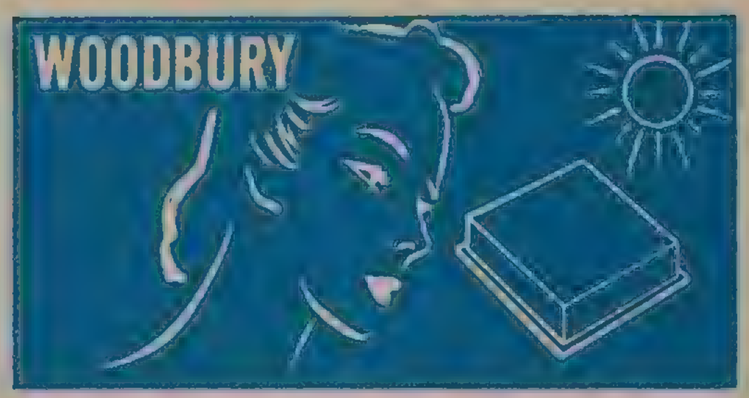
YOUR FAVORITE COSMETIC COUNTER POINTS THE WAY TO

TRUE 'Cover Girl' Beauty

by Dorry Ellis



NEVER THOUGHT THE TIME WOULD COME when clothes and furniture would be safe from upset nail polish bottles. But the revolutionary new CUTEX feature . . . a really "Spillpruf" bottle, with the exclusive "Lac-R-Loc" feature, (pat. pending), allows you ample time to right the upset bottle. And the "Nail-Measure" neck actually measures out, automatically, just the right amount of polish to cover one nail perfectly. Bottle contains amazing new CUTEX with the miracle-wear ingredient, Enamelon . . . in a complete assortment of nail polish shades! Look for the "Spillpruf" label on your next CUTEX bottle.



HOW LUSCIOUS CAN A SUNTAN BE? . . . is a question you won't be able to answer until you've tried WOODBURY'S "TROPIC TAN." Just fluff on this sun-enchanted powder color, and presto . . . your skin turns the deep, warm gold of a Tropical Sun Goddess! The secret—a special ingredient that gives color-rich warmth and glow with no "powdered look," plus creamy-softness and crushed-flower fragrance that clings for hours. Try WOODBURY Powder in the new 50¢ size. It is just right to see you through the summer with a glorious Tropical Tan. Also 15¢, 30¢, $1.00 sizes (plus tax).



THE TOP SECRET of day-long hair beauty is a morning kiss of SUAVE. Just a few drops leaves your hair looking and feeling heavenly soft. SUAVE holds your waves securely and smoothly in place, and as an extra attraction, adds natural, excitingly alive, highlights to your hair. And all this . . . without that slicked-down "hairdressing" look. Only SUAVE contains amazing SOLEX to prevent dryness. (It screens out sun's parching rays.) America's beauticians favor SUAVE as the perfect finishing touch to keep your permanent and your hair lovely. A creation of Helene Curtis, foremost name in hair beauty. 50¢, $1.



RUMOR HAS IT that many glamorous stars use Hollywood's own famous lipstick, WESTMORE, off the screen as well as on. Now you, too, can have "Lips of Enchantment." Yes, the WESTMORE "cosmetic secret" lipsticks at your store are the very same lipsticks used by the Westmores, world-famous Hollywood make-up artists. Thrilling, enticing color shades harmonize perfectly with your own individual complexion. Special creamy base stays on so excitingly long! Creates a lasting illusion of radiance and beauty. Fashion-right shades now being shown at variety, chain and drug store counters. Large size 59¢ plus tax. Medium size also available.



YOUNGER THAN SPRINGTIME is the way PRELL Shampoo leaves your hair. PRELL . . . that different, emerald-clear shampoo in the handy tube . . . makes your hair look younger, because it imparts so much "spring" and youthful sparkle. This is true no matter how dull and "lifeless" your hair seemed before. PRELL leaves your hair shining — Radiantly Alive, even in the hardest water. And your hair is softer and smoother—easier to set and easier to manage. Try just one shampoo with PRELL and you'll be thrilled with how much lovelier your hair can look . . . how much younger, more glamorous . . . more "Radiantly Alive"!



TODAY FASHION SAYS that accenting your eyes is as important as using lipstick. Smart women the world over depend on MAYBELLINE for a soft, natural-looking effect—and no wonder! With MAYBELLINE Mascara, lashes appear so softly dark, enchantingly long . . . they seem to whisper "Nature grew us this way." For more expressive, gracefully tapered brows, nothing equals MAYBELLINE'S fine, soft Eyebrow Pencil. And a touch of MAYBELLINE Eye Shadow intensifies the color of your eyes. It's exciting to look lovelier with MAYBELLINE Eye Make-up! All desired shades. MAYBELLINE gives eyes that naturally beautiful, "high-fashion" emphasis.

LOOK FOR THE COVER GIRL BEAUTY DISPLAY AT YOUR FAVORITE COSMETIC COUNTERS • BUY YOUR SUMMER NEEDS TODAY.



Program highlights in television viewing

New York City and suburbs, June 11 - July 10

Baseball Schedule For Television Viewing

DAY	TIME	GAME	CHANNEL
Tuesday, June 12	2:30 P.M.	St. Louis vs. Yank.	5 & 11
Wednesday, June 13	2:30 P.M.	St. Louis vs. Yank.	5 & 11
Thursday, June 14	2:30 P.M.	St. Louis vs. Yank.	5 & 11
Friday, June 15	8:30 P.M.	Detroit vs. Yank.	11
Saturday, June 16	2:00 P.M.	Detroit vs. Yank.	5 & 11
Sunday, June 17	2:00 P.M.	Detroit vs. Yank.	5 & 11
Tuesday, June 19	2:30 P.M.	Chicago vs. Yank.	5 & 11
Wednesday, June 20	2:30 P.M.	Chicago vs. Yank.	5 & 11
Thursday, June 21	2:30 P.M.	Chicago vs. Yank.	5 & 11
Friday, June 22	8:30 P.M.	C'land vs. Yank.	11
Saturday, June 23	2:00 P.M.	C'land vs. Yank.	5 & 11
Sunday, June 24	2:00 P.M.	C'land vs. Yank.	5 & 11
Tuesday, June 26	8:30 P.M.	Dodgers vs. Giants	11
Wednesday, June 27	1:30 P.M.	Dodgers vs. Giants	11
Thursday, June 28	1:30 P.M.	Dodgers vs. Giants	11
Friday, June 29	8:30 P.M.	Phila. vs. D'gers	9
	8:30 P.M.	Boston vs. Yank.	11
Saturday, June 30	1:30 P.M.	Phila. vs. D'gers	9
	2:00 P.M.	Boston vs. Yank.	5 & 11
Sunday, July 1	2:00 P.M.	Phila. vs. D'gers	9
	2:00 P.M.	Boston vs. Yank.	5 & 11
Monday, July 2	8:30 P.M.	Phila. vs. Giants	11
Tuesday, July 3	1:30 P.M.	Phila. vs. Giants	11
Wednesday, July 4	2:00 P.M.	Giants vs. D'gers (double header)	9
	2:00 P.M.	Wash. vs. Yank. (double header)	5 & 11
Thursday, July 5	8:30 P.M.	Giants vs. D'gers	9
	8:30 P.M.	Wash. vs. Yank.	11
Friday, July 6	1:30 P.M.	Boston vs. Giants	11
Saturday, July 7	1:30 P.M.	Boston vs. Giants	11
Sunday, July 8	2:00 P.M.	Boston vs. Giants	11

Monday through Friday

1:30 P.M. Garry Moore Show • 2
Teasing, tongue-twisting Garry coaxes laughs assisted by Durward Kirby, Denise Lor.

2:30 P.M. First Hundred Years • 2
TV serial about trials of young married love, played by Jimmy Lydon and Olive Stacey.

3:00 P.M. Miss Susan • 4
Story of a young woman lawyer who is confined to a wheelchair.

3:30 P.M. Bert Parks Show • 4
The dynamic entertainer sparks song, dance and laughs with Betty Ann Grove, Bobby Sherwood.

4:00 P.M. Kate Smith Show • 4
Kate, aided by Ted Collins, with an hour crammed full of news, music and fashion.

5:00 P.M. Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6200 • 4
Day-by-day story of life in a typical small American town.

5:30 P.M. Howdy Doody • 4
Howdy, puppet hero, with creator Bob Smith.

7:00 P.M. Kukla, Fran and Ollie • 4
Fran Allison shares the stage with Kuklapolitans.

7:15 P.M. Faye Emerson • 4
Interviews by the fascinating first lady of TV. (M, W & F)

7:30 P.M. Mohawk Showroom • 4
Roberta Quinlan, singing and looking like an angel. (M, W & F)

7:45 P.M. Perry Como • 2
Perry sings hits of today and yesterday. (M, W & F)

7:45 P.M. News Caravan • 4
John Cameron Swayze with the day's events.

Monday P.M.

8:00 P.M. Lux TV Theatre • 2
Dramatic stories cast with outstanding stars.

8:00 P.M. Paul Winchell Show • 4
Musical variety-quiz review with Paul and his saucy alter ego, Jerry Mahoney.

8:30 P.M. Godfrey's Talent Scouts • 2
Arthur gives assistance to talented stars-to-be.

8:30 P.M. Voice of Firestone • 4
Concerts by distinguished artists.

9:30 P.M. The Goldbergs • 2
Gertrude Berg in the warm role of Molly.

9:30 P.M. Robert Montgomery Presents • 4
Montgomery is host of a star-studded drama. Biweekly: June 11 & 25, July 9. Alternating with:
Somerset Maugham Theater
Full hour dramas from the works of the renowned author. Biweekly: June 18 & July 2.

10:00 P.M. Summer Theater • 2
Reruns of best TV dramas and light comedies.

Tuesday

7:30 P.M. The Little Show • 4
Songs and chatter, starring vocalist John Conte with the Three Beaus and the Peep. Conte, who now passes himself off as a New Yorker, was born in Massachusetts and raised in California. (T, Th.)

7:30 P.M. Beulah • 7
Ethel Waters, author of best-selling book, *His Eye is on the Sparrow*, in title role of family comedy. Others: Butterfly McQueen, William Post, Jr., Ginger Jones, Percy Harris, Clifford Sales.

8:00 P.M. Texaco Star Theater • 4
Bubbling, sparkling Milton Berle, who recently signed a 30-year contract with NBC, with a speed-paced variety show featuring top talent.

8:30 P.M. Johns Hopkins Science Review • 5
Absorbing, award-winning science program originating from Baltimore, home of the famous university. Host Lynn Poole introduces different scientists who for thirty minutes demonstrate such varying topics as freezing the atom to fear reaction but always in the understandable language of the layman.

9:00 P.M. Vaughn Monroe Show • 2
A superb, entertaining revue with vocalist Shaye Cogan, dancer Kenny Davis, comics Ziggy Talent and Ada Lynne and starring Monroe, who studied classical voice for year then painstakingly had to unlearn everything to sing pop music.

9:00 P.M. Fireside Theater • 4
Stories filmed in Hollywood, emphasizing the uncanny, unexpected tricks of fate that suddenly skyrocket people into bizarre situations.

9:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Bands • 5
Former screen star, Buddy Rogers, once a bandleader himself, plays host to Xavier Cugat, his orchestra and soloists on June 12, 19 and 26.

9:00 P.M. Q. E. D. • 7
Fred Uttal, announcer on Mr. D.A. for eleven years, emcees this panel show presenting problems in the realm of crime and mystery. Regular members: Hi Brown, producer of Inner Sanctum, Harold Hoffman, ex-Governor of New Jersey, renowned stage star, Nina Foch, and guests.

9:30 P.M. Life Begins at Eighty • 7
Jack Barry, of Juvenile Jury fame, at the other extreme with serious and humorous problems for Georgiana Carhart, 85 and one-time concert singer, John Dranuy, 90, former railroad engineer, Fred Stein, 82, still active as a realtor.

9:30 P.M. Suspense • 2
Tense atmosphere and a spine-tingling story makes this a real chiller. Robert Stevens directs.

9:30 P.M. Circle Theatre • 4
Nelson Case, who was a senior announcer at seventeen, is your handsome host to star-cast plays about real people in everyday situations.

10:00 P.M. Danger • 2
Absorbing mystery and adventure stories directed by Sidney Lument, 26-year-old New Yorker.

R M ***10:00 P.M. Original Amateur Hour • 4***
The spotlight turns on the three-time winners for the annual competition for the $2,000 scholarship and Gold Trophy Award. Ted Mack is emcee.

Wednesday

7:30 P.M. Chance of a Lifetime • 7
Magnanimous John Reed King, prince of quizmasters with questions that pay off in prizes and savings bonds worth up to $5,000. Pretty Cindy Cameron assists John along with comedian Dick Collier and song-dance team, Russell Arms and Liza Palmer, TV's youngest, successful couple.

8:00 P.M. Godfrey and His Friends • 2
The one-man industry mixes in a surprise guest with his bright pals Janette Davis, Haleloke, Marion Marlowe, Tony Marvin, Archie Bleyer and Frank Parker, the tenor star of the thirties.

8:00 P.M. Four Star Revue • 4
Top howl-provokers in a big, dance-musical fest. Comedians rotate: June 13, To be announced; June 20, Danny Thomas; June 27, Ed Wynn; July 4, Jack Carson; July 11, TBA.

9:00 P.M. Charlie Wild • 2
The rough and ready, fast-talking investigator in tales of crime. Title role played by John McQuade, who has also been seen in TV's Sure as Fate, Starlight Theater, and the Hellinger movie, "The Naked City."

9:00 P.M. Kraft Theatre • 4
One of the first and one of the best dramatic shows on TV, cast with actors and actresses known for their excellence of performance rather than for their "name" value.

9:00 P.M. Don McNeill TV Club • 7
Frank, friendly Don with his skill and charm visits with the audience, presents a star from show business. In addition clowning Sam Cowling, Fran (Aunt Fanny) Allison, handsome baritone Johnny Desmond, pretty Patsy Lee, Cliff Petersen and Eddie Ballantine's orchestra.

9:30 P.M. The Web • 2
Hard-hitting who-dunits culled from the best works of the Mystery Writers of America. Franklin Heller, a Connecticut commuter, directs.

9:30 P.M. The Plainclothesman • 5
Adventure drama stressing realistic crime detection with Ken Lynch in the title role, although only his voice is heard while the camera functions as his eye. Jack Orrison is seen and heard as Sgt. Brady.

9:30 P.M. Wrestling from Chicago • 7
From the Rainbo Arena in Windy City, grunts by grapplers who excel in dramer and mellerdramer. Wayne Griffin, who announces, likes wrestling but claims he has developed an allergy to pretzels from his present assignment.

10:00 P.M. International Boxing Club • 2
Expert sport announcer, Russ Hodges, reports "Blue Ribbon" bouts originating from Chicago Stadium, Detroit Olympia, St. Louis Arena, and New York City's St. Nicholas Arena.

10:00 P.M. Break the Bank • 4
Bert Parks, who broke into show business as a child in an amateur show, poses ten questions worth ten to 500 dollars plus an extra chance to break the big cash bank. Bud Collyer is present along with Peter Van Steeden's band.

10:30 P.M. Stars Over Hollywood • 4
Filmed in the motion picture capital especially for video. Original comedies and light dramas cast with newcomers as well as established stars.

Thursday

7:15 P.M. Lilli Palmer • 2
The ingratiating Miss Palmer with charming simplicity reads poetry, converses with guests. Her chief private interest, besides husband, Rex Harrison, and son, Carey, is painting in oils.

7:30 P.M. Lone Ranger • 7
With his miraculous silver bullets and trusty scout, Tonto, the masked rider champions the cause of justice in westerns filmed in Hollywood.

8:00 P.M. Starlight Theater • 2
Well-known stars in tales of love, directed by Yul Brynner, who plays in "The King and I." Biweekly: June 14 & 28. Alternating with:

Burns and Allen
Gracie says she would gladly play golf with George if there were shops along the fairway and this inimical humor runs through the show. Biweekly: June 21 & July 5.

8:00 P.M. You Bet Your Life • 4
It's just about worth your life to compete for cash and bonds worth up to $6,000 when Groucho puts you through his devastating third degree but it makes for belly laughs for the audience.

8:00 P.M. Stop the Music • 7
Bert Parks, assisted by Marion Morgan, Jimmy Blaine and Betty Ann Grove, query the nation for "mystery tune" worth $15,000 in prizes.

8:30 P.M. Amos 'n' Andy • 2
On June 28, the premiere TV presentation of the famed radio program. The beloved characters created and performed by Gosden and Correll will be portrayed by outstanding Negro actors.

9:00 P.M. Alan Young Show • 2
Alan with his ingenious comedy sketches that make grand entertainment for the family.

9:00 P.M. Ford Festival • 4
James Melton, top star of radio, opera and concert stage, in an hour musical jamboree as the cast takes imaginary tours throughout the world.

9:00 P.M. Ellery Queen • 5
Suave criminologist, Ellery, played by screen actor Lee Bowman, unravels the deadly chain of events that occur weekly.

9:00 P.M. Holiday Hotel • 7
Music and laughs run rampant as Don Ameche manages his mythical hotel. Betty Brewer vocalizes, assisted by the Don Craig Chorus. Howls provoked by Joshua Shelley and Florence Halop.

9:30 P.M. Big Town • 2
Pat McVey, who broke away from a law practice for a stage career, as the crime-cracking newsman. Pretty Mary K. Wells as Lorelei.

9:30 P.M. Blind Date • 7
A competitive show for men in which the prizes are dates with lovely models. Arlene Francis, mother of a young son, is moderator.

10:00 P.M. Truth or Consequences • 2
Ralph Edwards, three times voted the best dressed man in show business, admits he hasn't a hat to his name, but takes the lid off the uproarious frenzy of TOC once a week.

10:00 P.M. Martin Kane • 4
From the quiet tobacco shop, operative Kane, William Gargan, begins his unerring sleuthing.

Friday

8:00 P.M. Mama • 2
Peggy Wood, who broke into show business by auditioning for Oscar Hammerstein's first production of "Naughty Marietta," stars in the title role of this heart-warming series.

8:00 P.M. Quiz Kids • 4
From Chicago, the winsome junior geniuses answer and work out clever visual problems posed by congenial Joe Kelly. Regular panel members: Harvey Dytch, age 7; Joel Kupperman, age 14.

8:30 P.M. Man Against Crime • 2
Mike Barnett launches his action-packed, one-man crusade against crime. Mike is played by Ralph Bellamy, who has worked in the past as a bell boy, soda jerker, farm hand and reporter.

8:30 P.M. We, the People • 4
Dan Seymour is friendly host to exciting vignettes of real people, both famous and unknown, with Oscar Bradley's orchestra. Dynamic Dan got started in his career by acquiring a college degree, a wife and radio job on the same day.

9:00 P.M. Ford Theater • 2
Leading Broadway and Hollywood artists fill the major roles of elaborately wrought dramas that draw on the reservoir of literary classics for material. Biweekly: June 15 & 29.

9:00 P.M. Big Story • 4
Exciting, documentary dramatizations of real reporters making headlines, portrayed by actors. June 15, from St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. A. B. Hendry's story of brother-sister hatred that culminates with an insurance murder; June 22, from Philadelphia *Daily News*, Frank Toughill's story of the love potion clue that uncovered 200 arsenic murders; June 29, last show before summer hiatus, to be announced.

9:00 P.M. Pulitzer Prize Playhouse • 7
Handsomely staged, masterly cast dramas from the writings of winners of the Pulitzer Award. Brooklyn-born director, Alex Segal, reveals that as much as five weeks' work goes into one show.

9:30 P.M. Henry Morgan Show • 4
Hank's newest show, stacked to the hilt with young character actor Art Carney, singing comedienne Kay Ballard, vocalist Dorothy Claire, dancer Dorothy Jarnac, and, of course, the unimpressible Gerard, played by Arnold Stang.

10:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Sports • 4
A screen-side seat to fights staged by matchmaker Al Weill, of the International Boxing Club. Jimmy Powers, sport columnist of the New York *Daily News*, handles the announcing.

10:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Stars • 5
A happy variety show with laughman Jackie Gleason, once an all night disc jockey till he got too lonely on the job. Regulars: Don Russell and the dazzling June Taylor dancers.

10:00 P.M. Studs' Place • 7
Chicago-style TV. The scene, a little neighborhood restaurant. Ad lib lines by Studs Terkel & friends.

10:45 P.M. Greatest Fights of the Century • 4
Historical boxing bouts recorded on film: June 15, Tony Zale vs. Rocky Graziano (third fight); June 22, Joe Louis vs. Max Baer; June 29, Joe Louis vs. Max Schmeling (second fight); July 6, Jack Dempsey vs. Gene Tunney (second fight.)

Saturday

11:30 A.M. Date with Judy • 7
Another well-liked radio show premieres on TV, the family comedy revolving around teen-age Judy, written and produced by Aleen Leslie.

12:00 Noon Big Top • 2
Mustachioed Jack Sterling as whistle-blowing ringmaster of sensational circus novelty acts. Clowns Ed McMahon and Chris Keegan.

12:30 P.M. Faith Baldwin's Theater • 7
The popular authoress is host and narrator to romantic stories cast with prominent actors. Biweekly: June 23 & July 27. Alternating with—

I Cover Times Square
Stage and screen actor Harold Huber in the role of Johnny Warren, ace Broadway columnist, unfolding intimate tales of the Great White Way.

7:00 P.M. Sam Levenson Show • 2
Sam's madcap airing of parents' complaints against their children that really turns into the problem of "bringing up parents."

7:00 P.M. Victor Borge Show • 4
Fully guaranteed to double you up with laughter and then again fascinate you with his gifted piano. Both Borge's parents were musicians, his father was a violinist with the Danish Symphony.

7:30 P.M. One Man's Family • 2
The famed family show, first aired on radio 19 years ago, with Bert Lytell as Henry Barbour; Marjorie Gateson as mother Fanny.

7:30 P.M. Stu Erwin's Show • 7
A domestic comedy about nice people with calm, easy-going Stu as the woe-beset father. Mrs. Erwin (June Collyer) is his video wife, too.

8:00 P.M. Ken Murray Show • 2
Ken, officially Hollywood's good-will ambassador to New York, his birthplace, with funful variety featuring "glamourlovelies" and Darla Hood.

8:00 P.M. Band of Tomorrow • 4
Freddy Martin, top bandleader, with a new twist in TV. From the outstanding amateur musicians in the East, he will week by week select a man for the band of tomorrow.

8:00 P.M. TV Teen Club • 7
"The world is their oyster," Paul Whiteman says of the youngsters and proves it with exuberant entertainment featuring blonde Nancy Lewis, June Keegan and Sonny Graham.

9:00 P.M. Frank Sinatra Show • 2
Frankie dreamed of being a reporter till he saw his first Crosby movie. Latest venture is his wonderful show with guest stars plus songstress June Hutton and Alex Stordahl's orchestra.

9:00 P.M. Ben Blue's Barn Theater • 4
Blue lends his pixilated antics to a cast that is supposedly preparing summer stock. Singing comedienne Roberta Lee and Matty Malneck.

10:00 P.M. Sing It Again • 2
Comic Jan Murray, setting the pace in laughs, with gay song-quiz offering big savings bonds for identification of the Phantom Voice.

10:00 P.M. Doodles Weaver Show • 4
Doodles, who combines his warmth with wild, berated clowning, wanders vaguely among his stooges, Peanuts Mann, Red Marshall and Dick Davis.

Sunday

4:00 P.M. Meet the Press • 4
Headline press conference for thinking people as reporters blast away at news personalities.

4:30 P.M. Zoo Parade • 4
The stars may be tiny jumping mice or rope-walking snakes in this show from Chicago's Lincoln Park Zoo. R. Marlin Perkins is M.C.

5:00 P.M. Gabby Hayes Show • 4
Irrepressible Gabby spins a yarn of American History to Clifford Sales and Lee Graham then usually goes out on a limb with a tall tale.

6:00 P.M. Hopalong Cassidy • 4
Films of straight-shootin', fearless Hoppy, starring veteran Bill Boyd, who once worked as a surveyor and tool dresser in Oklahoma oil fields.

7:00 P.M. Gene Autry • 2
Western romance and action filmed for TV. The popular cowboy troubador credits singing success to his preacher-grandfather.

7:00 P.M. Paul Whiteman Revue • 7
Pops waves his musical wand at Earl Wrightson, Maureen Cannon, Ray Porter Chorus and dancers directed by Frank Westbrook.

7:30 P.M. This is Show Business • 2
Unique variety featuring a show business clinic hosted by Clifton Fadiman, literary critic.

7:30 P.M. Aldrich Family • 4
The long-popular family comedy starring Dick Tyler as ever-optimistic Henry; Jackie Kelk, in private life a farmer, as muddling Homer.

8:00 P.M. Toast of the Town • 2
Columnist Ed Sullivan, who branched out into show business in the early 30's, presents great variety, with the "Toastettes" and Ray Bloch.

8:00 P.M. Comedy Hour • 4
Rousing extravaganza of music and comedy with different comedians each Sunday. June 17, Eddie Cantor; June 24, and last show before summer hiatus, the hilarious Martin and Lewis.

9:00 P.M. Fred Waring Show • 2
Smooth, distinctive hour of dance and music with the famous Glee Club, lyric soprano Jane Wilson, vocalists Joe Marine, Daisy Bernier.

9:00 P.M. Philco Playhouse • 4
Full hour dramatization of great stories with great performers. Directed by Gordon Duff.

10:00 P.M. Celebrity Time • 2
Conrad Nagel lends his gracious skill to umpiring a game-and-fun session with regulars, singer Mary McCarty, Yale coach Herman Hickman.

10:00 P.M. Garroway at Large • 4
The unexpected is expected in Dave Garroway's inspired show featuring vocal-lovelies Connie Russell and Betty Chapel, baritone Jack Haskell.

10:30 P.M. What's My Line? • 2
Guess-your-occupation quiz with sword swallowers, duck pluckers, wig-makers, challenging rotating panelists. John Daly moderates.

At the time we go to press, networks are still uncertain as to when some programs will take their customary summer vacation. It is possible several programs may be off the air prior to publication of this issue.



"Be Lux Lovely"

says

Joan Crawford

CO-STARRING IN

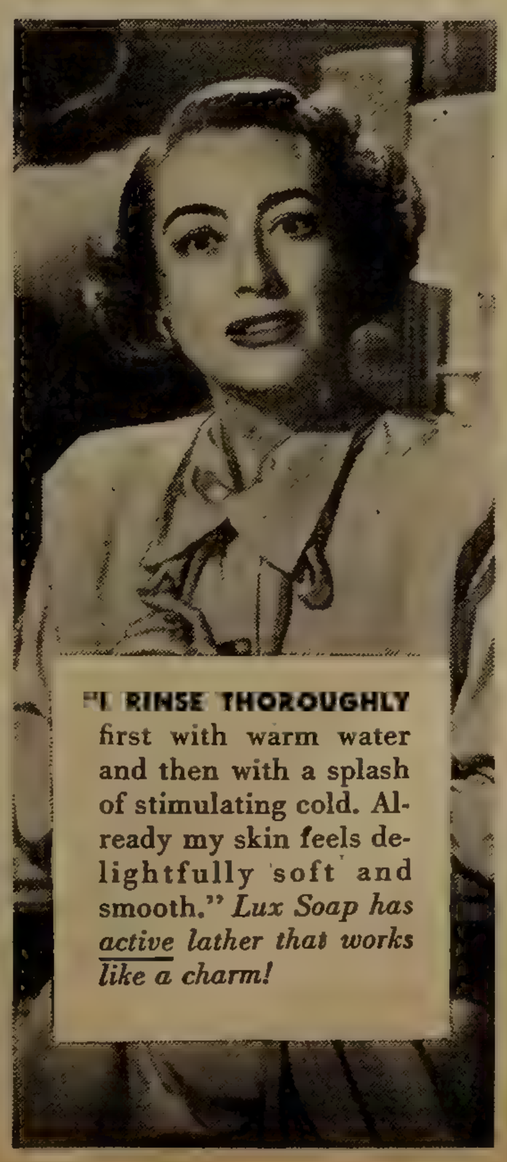
"GOODBYE MY FANCY"

A WARNER BROS. PRODUCTION

"This beauty care makes my skin softer, smoother!"



"I'VE ALWAYS TRUSTED MY SKIN to gentle Lux Soap care," says Joan Crawford. "Here's the daily beauty facial I depend on: I work up a rich lather with Lux Soap and cream it well into my skin.



"I RINSE THOROUGHLY first with warm water and then with a splash of stimulating cold. Already my skin feels delightfully soft and smooth." *Lux Soap has active lather that works like a charm!*



"NEXT I PAT MY FACE LIGHTLY with a soft towel to dry. It's wonderful the quick new beauty this facial gives my skin!" *Try Joan Crawford's own beauty facials. Discover how easy it is to be Lux-lovely!*



THE PLEASURE TO PRESENT

(*Continued from page* 29) Paul Winchell, Luise Rainer, Irving Berlin, Rudy Vallee, Faye Emerson, Billy Eckstine and dozens more.

No showman of old could match the quality of attractions that have appeared on Toast. Ziegfeld put on one musical a year; in TV, you have to put on fifty-two separate shows. On our stage we've had exhibited Gloria Swanson, Moira Shearer, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Margaret Truman, Sarah Churchill, Margot Fonteyn, Melchior, Rise Stevens, Melton, the Notre Dame Glee Club, Hedy Lamarr, Lena Horne—no producer ever has had the bankroll to produce such "names" week after week because no producer ever before had a Detroit automobile factory as his "angel."

FOR MANY of them, taking the first plunge into the new medium presented a problem. It took a great deal of persuasion on my part in some cases. It was almost a year ago that I first contacted Margaret Truman's manager. The President's daughter had turned down many TV offers. Her chief reason for refusing was an honest fear of exploiting her father's position. Luckily for me, opera singer Mimi Benzell's husband saw an associate of Margaret's manager. Mimi had made her TV debut on Toast and her husband came to my aid.

"Mimi found it a great opportunity," he said. "Ed presented her with dignity and in good taste."

The recommendation carried a lot of weight and her manager, Jim Davidson, arranged to have me meet Margaret at lunch. My first reaction to the President's daughter was that newspaper pictures didn't do her justice. She is a handsome, blue-eyed blonde with delicate coloring.

We talked about her appearance on the show and suggested her doing a sketch.

"I'd be making a big mistake not to sing," she countered.

I agreed with her. We had hoped she would sing. And as we talked it was obvious that Margaret had a mind of her own and wanted to make good on her own like many other children of famous people.

"I don't want any reference made to my father," Margaret said before the show.

It was to be her own debut and I made that clear to Victor Borge, who was appearing on the same program. (He had to forego one of his Harry S. Beethoven gags.)

That night she sang "O'er the Hill" and "My Johann." She was wonderful. Even reluctant Republicans stopped to say, "I may not like her old man's politics but the girl's fine." Our orchestra leader, Ray Bloch, said that he had never worked with anyone, excepting ballerina Moira Shearer, who understood her music so well.

People ask me if Margaret Truman was nervous. The answer is yes. But in my experience all of the good professionals are nervous before they go on. If there is one exception, it is Victor Borge. The Droll Dane just can't repress himself when people get serious. In a way, this quirk accounts for his double-threat career as humorist and pianist.

Victor was steeped in fine music from the day he was born in Copenhagen. His father was a violinist in the Danish Royal Symphony but Victor preferred to take piano lessons from his equally talented mother. At the age of ten he made a concert debut and at fifteen he was given the honor of playing a Rachmaninoff Concerto with the state symphony. In the middle of the concerto, there was a long, two-finger piano trill with the full string section sawing away behind him. The intensity of the musicians was too much for Victor and he looked at the audience over his shoulder and winked. There was a roar of laughter. Victor was reprimanded but ever since he has been combining good music and wonderful pranks.

"I just want to let a little bit of oxygen in on brilliant music," he explains.

A U. S. citizen now, Victor came to the states in 1940 to escape the Nazis. His first appearance was in my stage revue, "Crazy with the Heat." Because he's a self-designated jester, his antics are unpredictable. During rehearsals, everyone, including the sponsors, are doubled over with laughter. He will lead the orchestra through a havoc of mischords or rush down the aisle to don an usher's cap when the audience comes in.

But Victor is the exception. High-calibre entertainers are serious hardworking men like Gordon Jenkins and Phil Spitalny. Spitalny will devote three weeks of hard work to one show. He makes special arrangements, calls rehearsals that go into the night and, usually, puts the final touch on his girls with new gowns that cost about three hundred dollars each.

Vaughn Monroe, who also made his TV debut with us, is another example of an artist who believes in thorough preparation. He's at the top of his profession but when it comes to rehearsals he's as punctual and serious as a young man applying for his first job.

Another great performer was Charles Laughton, a grand man although he pretends to be gruff. He fumes and rants but at heart he is a very mild person. I knew that, but even so he tried to shock me when we sat down to discuss what he would do on the show.

"I'd like to read from the Bible," he said, then sneered, "But I guess that's impossible on a variety show."

But I had the pleasure of shocking him. "Sounds like a very good idea," I told him. "Fitting for a Sunday show, too."

OF COURSE, with Laughton, you can be sure no matter what he does, it will be good theater. In the case of the Bible reading, it was so dramatic that our staff still talks about it. When he came back for a second show, I told him about one of our talented young finds, Frank Fontaine, who does a wonderful impersonation of Laughton's Captain Bligh.

"Never!" Laughton roared, jumping to a natural conclusion. "He can't do the impersonation on the same show with me."

I said quickly, "I only want you to watch him during rehearsal for your own enjoyment."

So Laughton stood scowling in the wing while Fontaine, who is now a member of the Jack Benny cast, began the impersonation. Suddenly, Laughton rushed out on the stage shouting, "Stop! Stop!"

And then Laughton went on, "This is the way we'll do it tonight. You'll do the impersonation and I'll come on the stage as if I were about to murder you for being impertinent."

And on he went to outline a comedy sketch that was one of the funniest I've ever seen. It was the kind of act we wanted but had little hope of Laughton's agreeing.

Frankie Laine was probably the most nervous person we ever had on the show. At the time, his recordings of "Mule Train" and "Cry of the Wild Goose" were among the biggest hits in the country. But his agents were in the midst of arranging bookings and the impression he was about to make would affect the negotiations.

Frankie naturally has the vitality of a dozen men. His whole body vibrates when he sings. So we focused on these very characteristics. As he began singing, the camera caught his expressive hands and underlined the very physical characteristics that make his voice so exciting. He was terrific but again he was one who had been far from keen about TV.

MY ARGUMENT to convince stars that they should appear on the show merely boils down to this: I wouldn't be asking them if I didn't think they were going to be good. I'm not a rival comedian, singer or dancer. My job is to put together the best possible show but in the final analysis it's the entertainers who must satisfy.

Glamour girls present another problem. I use "glamour" advisedly for the word perfectly describes such women as Gloria Swanson and Hedy Lamarr. What they fear most about appearing on TV is the kinescope. Actresses rightfully known for beauty sometimes find themselves on kinescope with a tattletale-gray look. It's my job to persuade them that competent cameramen can overcome this.

Gloria Swanson was scheduled for our show about the time "Sunset Boulevard" was opening in the major cities. She was touring with the picture and took ill in Chicago just a few days before the Sunday show. Looking for an actress with the same kind of appeal, I thought of Hedy Lamarr who was vacationing at Southampton with her children. I've known Hedy since 1938. Although she's truly an exotic bundle of beauty, I know her to be a real trouper and a good friend. I put in a call to her.

"Ed, I don't want to do television," she said. "Frankly, I'm afraid of it and that's one reason my fee is so high."

I explained that Gloria Swanson's illness had put me in an unenviable spot.

"If you need me, I'll do it," she said. "And you can write your own ticket."

That's the type of gesture few people understand. Some think of me as a newspaper columnist who just happens to be on TV introducing acts. That's far from the truth. For the past twenty years I have been staging vaudeville, radio and benefit shows and I have only one assistant who helps book the show, Mark Ledy, a specialist in novelty acts.

All in all, I'm very proud of the show and the team that puts it together each week. You'd have a hard time convincing any of us that vaudeville is dead. Considering that our audience has been growing by the millions in the past two years, I expect Toast of the Town to be around a long time—with vaudeville.

TV FOR CHILDREN

(*Continued from page* 27) But such tantrums are not new with TV—children have been thinking up excuses to get out of going to bed since the beginning of time. So the blame can't be put on the medium but on the parents.

As to the effect of TV on your child's education, it is obvious that the main damage is done by indiscriminate viewing. You may have taught your child that fighting is vulgar and death a great sorrow, yet the child can be completely fascinated by western films, murder mysteries, boxing and wrestling—simply because they're presented in his own living room by means of a picture that moves. One of the best ways of putting a stop to indiscriminate viewing is to work out a schedule of programs with your child. It is important that you choose them together—your child will seize the opportunity to cooperate. Yet you will not have hurt his feelings by laying down the law.

TV is literally abounding in instructional programs. Children everywhere have reported learning to knit, sew, cook, build bird houses—all from watching right TV.

If your child is too little to help choose a schedule, there are other ways. You might invite other children over to the house for some good programs, then turn the set off and divert interest with cookies and milk—this is good early social training.

A well-known New York physician recommends that children under six be kept strictly on a bland TV diet—no horror program, only puppet shows, gay films, and circuses. This may be your cure for those nightmares and nervous tensions.

Since it is inevitable that teen-age children are going to watch some mystery programs, I have made it my responsibility to see what the individual television networks are doing by way of censorship.

First, I went to the American Broadcasting Company to see Grace Johnsen, head of continuity acceptance.

Television is generally censored by the same standards as radio, Miss Johnsen avers, but she also keeps one eye on motion picture standards. The difficulty there is that movies often contain more violence than is welcome in a living room.

At all of the television networks I was allowed to see their files of complaints. Every network sees that complaints are delivered to the right people and action is taken. Without these complaints the people in these departments would have nothing to go by for a standard.

Doing their bit to solve the problem of TV for children, the networks usually schedule a block of children's programs in the late afternoon—all taking the same pattern, beginning with programs for tots first and progressing through dramatic programs at eight and eight-thirty for the older children. With a few exceptions, this also holds true on local TV stations.

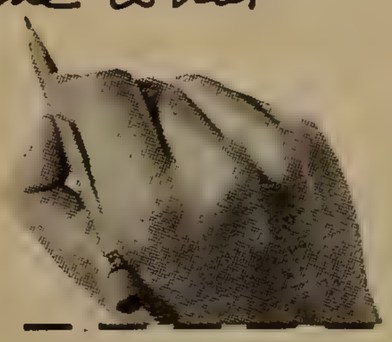
Actually, there is nothing to fear about what TV is doing to our children. There is no evil brought on by the television age that can't be remedied—read your program listings, exercise your right to turn the dial; let the networks know what you prefer to see; and last but far from least . . . enjoy your new privilege of having a tighter family circle through the mutual pleasure of watching TV with your children.

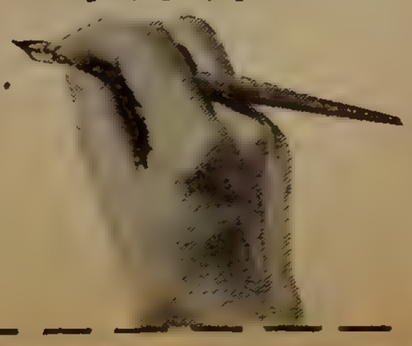
I like  because

MY PLAYCLOTHES LOOK

SO PRETTY AND BRIGHT 

Joe's shirts and my sheets look so white and my whole wash smells so sweet and fresh! 

The gang at the shop kids me about always wearing clean overalls, but I notice a lot of 'em ask me what kind of soap Mary uses! 

Good Gracious! I can't begin to tell you how long I've used Fels-Naptha but my children and their children depend on it just like I do. 

R
M



HOLLYWOOD'S LOVELIEST LEGS!

See them in JULY

PHOTOPLAY

at Newsstands NOW

Hollywood's most eligible BACHELORS

- FARLEY GRANGER
- MACDONALD CAREY
- HOWARD DUFF
- ROBERT MITCHUM
- RICHARD WIDMARK
- KIRK DOUGLAS

looked the field over with critical eyes and have come up with some very intriguing material. It's a Hollywood pageant of beautiful legs you can't afford to miss!

Other July PHOTOPLAY SPECIALS

Hedda Hopper's HIT PARADE
Hedda's fanciest hat is off to the "Best Dressed Girls in Hollywood"

MAKE IT FOR KEEPS
Rules for making your summer romance last!

L'IL LIGHTNING BUG
About Debbie Reynolds, fun-loving tomboy who'd rather bowl than beau.

Plus: many other exciting stories and pictures of Hollywood life.

R
M

ALL IN JULY **PHOTOPLAY**

Now at your Newsstands

CALL ME MOTHER!

(*Continued from page* 65) the slightest hesitation I said, "Honey, just start heating up the coffee. I'll be on your doorstep by noon tomorrow."

And off I went. Something like that was always happening. To me home meant my address and telephone number.

But that was before I married Lou Bush.

Lou is the kind of man every girl's mother dreams of as a son-in-law. The idea of a family and home is terribly important to him. In fact you might say he's a mite old-fashioned about the whole thing. I guess that's why I fell in love with him.

Maybe that sounds paradoxical, since I had always considered myself a modern independent woman, but the way I figure it, until I met Lou I just wasn't grown up enough to know what I really wanted.

SO HERE I am, Mrs. Lou Bush. And now, the mother of a most wonderful blue-eyed baby daughter named Deborah Louise—Debbie for short—and I love it! In fact I'm so sold on being a mother that I go around insisting that all our friends must start right in having babies.

Lou says I sound as if motherhood were an idea I invented myself. And sometimes I almost feel as if I did. I guess most new mothers feel this way, and I'll probably simmer down after a while.

Naturally people ask me whether or not I expect children to interfere with my career. My answer is "Not at all." As far as I am concerned, Debbie hasn't interfered one whit. She has enriched it.

For one thing, I feel better physically than I ever have. My figure is trimmer than it's ever been, and Lou says it's made me absolutely glowy all over. People I haven't seen for a long time remark about how healthy, happy and relaxed I look.

It's true. The changes are visible in my personality as well. I seem to be more interested in people and more at ease with them.

I remember something a business acquaintance said to me just a few weeks ago. He had come to the house to discuss a television idea. Instead of our usual small talk about show business, for almost an hour my visitor sat there with me, discussing the various problems and delights of parenthood, and I found myself terribly interested in the stories he told about his kids and I found myself becoming aware of him as a real person and not just a vague personality who represented another side of show business.

"You know," he said to me finally, and there was new respect in his voice, "this is the first time I've noticed what an attractive woman you are. Attractive as a woman that is. Not as a singer. That you've always been. But that on-stage personality of yours, vital as it is, can't hold a candle to the charm you have when you relax and let the woman in you take over."

When he left, I put Debbie back in her crib and thought about what my visitor had said. And about all the things that had happened to me in the past year . . .

First there was Lou. An old friendship ripening into love. The beginning was all very casual. I enjoyed my dates with him tremendously, but I was still "Fiddlefoot Maggie" as my mother used to call me. "She travels fastest who travels alone," I reminded myself firmly when I caught myself thinking of Lou.

I began to have more and more dates with Lou, and in a short time the courtship assumed full regalia. Roses, slim volumes of poetry, and huge boxes of chocolates. He even composed a song for me. He writes wonderful songs, when he isn't busy at Capitol Records.

I was clinging weakly to the last outpost of The Independent Woman when he asked me to marry him. I said "Yes," just like that. We got married a few days later.

When we discovered that Debbie was on the way, Lou was of course delighted, and so was I—despite moments of anxiety as to whether or not the baby would arrive without complications.

I needn't have worried. Everything went off like clockwork. Debbie arrived without a hitch. All nine pounds of her.

By the time I could leave the hospital there was another addition to our household, Mary Turner, an extremely competent young nurse who fitted herself into our lives with quiet ease. She's not only excellent with Debbie, but with all of us.

At first I was terrified at the thought of handling such a tiny baby. But Mary assuaged my fears, and within a few days I was dressing and changing and bathing Debbie like a veteran mother.

I found myself wanting to do these things, not out of a sense of duty, but because doing them made me feel important to my daughter. Feeling the warm, struggling new life under my hands, watching new responses was a thrill I had never experienced.

Even Lou has his turn at taking care of our Debbie. Like most fathers with their daughters, Lou is completely enchanted. I can tell who's going to play the "heavy" if there's any discipline to be meted out. It won't be Papa.

People ask me how I fit motherhood into my career. Well, in a manner of speaking I think it's the other way around. I am fitting my career into motherhood. I'd give up doing a show anytime if Debbie needed me.

Actually with a minimum of organization my days aren't too complicated. I have my radio shows to do, and twice weekly visits to entertain the veterans at the nearby hospitals. And outside of a few guest shots here and there and interviews, I'm pretty much of a homebody.

FORTUNATELY Lou doesn't feel that a wife with a career is a threat to marriage. We were discussing some recent Hollywood break-ups with some friends one evening and Lou summed up our attitude by saying "I don't think wives with careers affect a good marriage one way or the other. The only important thing is to learn to accept and respect each other without reservation. Just keep concentrating on the positive things in a relationship and the little differences become completely unimportant."

That's the way it's been with us. And that's why we think Debbie is going to grow up into a happy, well-balanced individual. We're going to give her the best thing that parents can give any child . . . a sense of belonging. And the only way that can be done is for there to be real harmony between a mother and father.

Daytime diary



BIG SISTER Has Ruth Wayne finally found a powerful ally in her fight against millionaire Millard Parker? Parker has always had a great fear of his ex-wife, Selena, who exercised such a tremendous influence over him in spite of his not having seen her for many years. When Selena returns from the Far East, forces begin to stir that may end in what Ruth has been trying unsuccessfully to accomplish—driving Parker out of Glen Falls.

M-F, 1 P.M. EDT, CBS.

BRIGHTER DAY When the Dennis family moved away from Three Rivers, they were looking forward to the more stimulating activities that would be open to them in the larger town of Plymouth. But now Papa Dennis, Rev. Richard Dennis to his parishioners, is not so sure the move was a wise one. Plymouth is indeed more stimulating, but it is also more difficult to live peacefully there, particularly when the family becomes involved in the strange section of town known as Milltown.

M-F, 2:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

AUNT JENNY In Aunt Jenny's home town, Littleton, Walter Browning and Edith Hammond grew up in neighboring houses, friends from babyhood. To their parents, it seemed a foregone conclusion that Edith and Walter would fall in love, but the two young people, resenting what they felt was pressure, went out of their way to choose other mates. It was almost too late when they realized that in spite of their parents, they really did love one another.

M-F, 12:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Larry Noble, working on a picture in Hollywood, believes his wife Mary wants a divorce. Mary, in New York, thinks Larry has fallen in love with an actress. In her unhappiness she accepts an invitation to cruise aboard Rupert Barlow's yacht—not realizing that it is part of Rupert's plan to widen the breach between the Nobles. On the verge of departure, Mary gets a wire from Larry, asking her to come to Hollywood.

M-F, 4 P.M. EDT, NBC.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL A hatcheck girl, stabbed to death at a bridal shower being given to her by her friends—that is the startling news story which David Farrell, ace reporter, is sent out to cover. Before David is finished, the "April Shower Murder Case" takes him and his wife Sally through some dangerous experiences, involving a strange group of women and one of the most ingenious murderers he has ever helped bring to justice.

M-F, 5:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N.C.

*83% OF PRINCETON SENIORS

who were interviewed said:

"CAVALIERS are MILDER than the brand I had been smoking!"

* More than 150 seniors at Princeton were asked to try king-size Cavalier Cigarettes and compare them with the cigarettes they had been smoking . . .

Just think of it—83% of this group of Princeton seniors said Cavaliers are milder than the brands they had been smoking! And they had been smoking many different brands!

In every group of smokers interviewed—such widely different groups as airline pilots, photographic models, television repairmen, nurses —

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Enjoy king-size Cavaliers — for mildness and natural flavor. Priced no higher than other leading brands.

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KING-SIZE CIGARETTES—EXTREMELY MILD

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Sweetie!

Discover the extra advantages of practicing this higher type

INTIMATE FEMININE HYGIENE



This Greaseless Suppository Assures Hours of Continuous Germicidal and Deodorizing Action

The modern girl is well aware how important it is to practice internal feminine cleanliness for her health, dainty charm, married serenity, after her periods and always as a protection from a source of odor—far more offensive than bad breath or body odor.

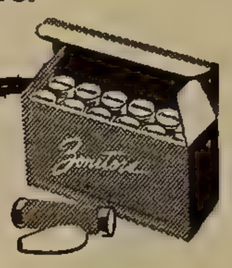
And she'll certainly welcome Zonitors—a snow-white, greaseless, stainless vaginal suppository which possesses the same powerful germ-killing and deodorizing type action as world-famous ZONITE. So convenient if you're away from home or traveling.

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When inserted, a Zonitor releases the same powerful type of germ-killing and deodorizing properties as ZONITE and continues to do so *for hours.* So powerfully effective yet safe to delicate tissues! Zonitors are *positively non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-caustic.*

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GUIDING LIGHT The past is behind Meta Bauer White. Her husband and child are dead, and she has survived her own trial for murder and has been acquitted on the grounds of temporary insanity. But in some ways Meta has begun to think that her days in prison were restful. Her emotional entanglement, plus her family's difficulties, are making readjustment to the ordinary world very difficult for Meta.

M-F, 1:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

HILLTOP HOUSE Sometimes Julie looks back and wonders how her life might have developed if her cousin Nina had never come to Hilltop House. Almost as Julie realized that she herself loved Jeff Browning, Nina used her charms to sweep the young into a sudden marriage. Also, the revelation that the baby left in Julie's care at the orphanage was in reality Nina's child, was a shock that Julie has not yet gotten over.

M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL Mona Kane and her father, Basil Kane, have both confessed to the murder of Paul Hewitt, Mona's fiance. Bill Davidson's knowledge of human nature makes him suspect that Mona and her father are simply trying to protect each other. There is much consternation when Bill, after investigating a bit on his own, accuses Amelia Shepherd of the crime.

M-F, 5:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

KINGS ROW Chief psychiatrist at the State Hospital Dr. Parris Mitchell, has an intimate knowledge of the lives of his neighbors in the little town of Kings Row. When distraught Hazel Green becomes his patient, Parris learns that Hazel's ruthless husband, Fulmer Green, is trying to have her declared unfit. What will happen if Randy McHugh, Parris' childhood friend, manages to help Hazel?

M-F, 3:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL At last Papa David and Chichi can stop worrying about the Book Shop. Their home—and their means of livelihood—is not going to be taken from them. But the enormous strain took its toll of Papa David, who suffered a series of strokes. He is apparently well enough, but Chichi will never again take his sturdy presence for granted.

M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, NBC.

LORENZO JONES Eccentric old Mrs. Murphy starts a mysterious chain of trouble for herself when she makes a will leaving her fortune to her pet cat, Christopher. When Christopher suddenly dies, Lorenzo suggests that he may have been poisoned, whereupon Mrs. Murphy immediately hires him to investigate. Belle, Lorenzo's wife, is not optimistic about his detecting.

M-F, 4:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

MA PERKINS What is there about Tom Wells that makes Fay unable to forget him, though she is engaged to Spencer Grayson? For that matter, what is there about Tom that Spencer is afraid of? He certainly seems concerned when he learns that Tom has written a book in which he, Spencer, is the chief character. These questions are still unanswered when Tom leaves Rushville Center to go to California.

M-F, 1:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

OUR GAL SUNDAY When Dr. Norman Forrest marries Lois Chandler, they decide to use the money that nearly came between them to build a new hospital in Fairbrooke. Lord Henry, Sunday's husband, is to supervise the construction on land donated by Spencer Carlyle, one of Fairbrooke's solid citizens. It is with considerable astonishment that Sunday hears him accuse her of responsibility for the death of his younger brother, whose body is discovered on Sunday's estate.

M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY The dreadful strain of Father Young's disappearance is joyfully relieved when he is rescued after having been given up as dead. The men involved in the bank robbery have all been brought to justice—as has Mrs. Ivy Trent, who finally confesses her important part in the scheme that caused the Youngs and their friends so much anguish. This creates an unfortunate situation, since Ivy is the mother of Carter Trent, to whom Pepper's sister Peggy is married.

M-F, 3:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

PERRY MASON As the long, hard fight to convict Walter Bodt comes to a triumphant close, Perry makes vacation plans which are once again interrupted when he is drawn into the "Case of the Martyred Mother." What is the horrifying secret behind the disappearance of May Grant, an apparently happy, normal woman, who for no reason suddenly leaves her husband? As Perry delves into May Grant's story, he uncovers a special kind of underworld of which the average citizen is unaware?

M-F, 2:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

PORTIA FACES LIFE Portia Manning's friends and legal associates would never have believed it possible, but it happens—her career is abruptly curtailed when, on the eve of leaving for a vacation trip with Walter, she is accused of having bribed witnesses in the case in which she was recently involved. In spite of the efforts of Mickey Mollyer and the Peroni family, the framed case against Portia is successful enough to send her to prison.

M-F, 5:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Carolyn believed that marriage to Miles Nelson would be the beginning of the happiness she has looked forward to all her life. The Nelsons are happy together, but the attack on Miles which left him with a bullet dangerously near his heart has brought new difficulties into their lives. As Governor of the State, Miles has many duties which put a great strain on him. Is Carolyn justified in her fear that this strain may prove too much for him?

M-F, 3:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

ROAD OF LIFE Puzzled by wealthy, erratic Conrad Overton, Dr. Jim Brent has made certain investigations in the man's past, and with the help of his friend, editor Frank Dana, has uncovered information which casts a revealing light on Overton's activities and past history. What effect will this have on Jim's friendship with Overton's niece, Joyce McLeod?

M-F, 3:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Helen is heartbroken when Gil Whitney, with whom she is still in love, appears about to marry Cynthia Swanson. But Gil receives a letter from Betty Mallory hinting that her secret marriage to Gil, which caused so much trouble, was actually a hoax. But in spite of the letter Gil cannot find Betty, and finally asks Helen to help him get in touch with her. Will he go through with the marriage to Cynthia?

M-F. 12:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

ROSEMARY Unfortunately, the return of Rosemary and Bill to Springdale was not the idyllic solution Rosemary hoped for, and Bill returns to New York to resume his advertising career. Rosemary's friend Blondie, cynically suspecting that Bill is still interested in Blanche Weatherby, who almost ruined his marriage, tries in her own way to cut her out of Bill's thoughts. Meanwhile Rosemary waits for Bill to send for her.

M-F, 11:45 A.M. EDT, CBS.

SECOND MRS. BURTON For several years Terry Burton has been a quiet Dickston housewife, happy with her husband, Stan, with her attractive home and her two children, Brad and Wendy. But being creative by nature, Terry is pleased when she gets an opportunity to go back to designing—the career she gave up to marry Stan. How will Mrs. Westley, the new manager of Stan's store, fit into the changed scheme of the Burton's family life?

M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, CBS.

STELLA DALLAS Who is trying to murder Stella, and for what reason? Laurel Grosvenor, Stella's daughter, can give no reason, and she is beside herself with worry when Stella suddenly disappears. A search, headed by Lieutenant Arlen, finds Stella just in time to drag her out of the abandoned garage where she has been left, unconscious, with a car with its motor running. Unconscious for days, Stella can offer her rescuers no help.

M-F, 4:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Fred Spencer's plan works to perfection. The fire he sets in the Martinson home enables him to win back Peg's confidence by making a sensational rescue of her. At his instigation she then accuses Nora Drake of plotting to have her murdered, and includes her own husband, Dr. Ken Martinson, of being part of the plot. Peg, who is a power on the board of trustees of Page Memorial hospital has Nora and Ken dismissed.

M-F, 2:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

WENDY WARREN With Mark Douglas rescued from Europe and the aftermath of his secret assignment, Wendy finally admits to herself that he is the man who will always mean most to her. But perhaps she has made this discovery too late, for Mark is a changed man. He seems to care about nothing and nobody, and to be entirely emotionless about things which once affected him deeply. Is he now really a psychological cripple?

M-F, 12 Noon EDT, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES After the shocking accident in which Kathy Stanley is killed, Joan Davis finds that even her affectionate friendship is not enough to keep Phil Stanley from collapse. Joan, meanwhile, is troubled by Harry's insistence that instead of renting the economical apartment she has found, they take an elaborate house. Also, what will happen to Sammy as Mrs. Fields' influence over him increases?

M-F, 5 P.M. EDT, NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Does Dr. Jerry Malone really want his wife Anne to divorce him? It seems that way, for after Anne came to New York to take care of him Jerry disappears from the hospital. Heartsick, Anne went back to Three Oaks with Sam Williams, not knowing that Jerry had wandered aimlessly to the apartment of Mary Browne. Jerry feels a sense of obligation to Mary because of her father.

M-F, 1:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Certain in her own mind that Lita Haddon is the real murderer of Horace Steele, Ellen Brown grimly continues to try to prove her suspicion, but nevertheless her fiance, Dr. Anthony Loring, stands trial for the murder. Ellen is heartbroken when District Attorney Ralph Jordan bases his case against Anthony on the grounds that Horace was romantically interested in Ellen, thus giving Anthony a jealous motive.

M-F, 4:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

Together they make a Beautiful Pair...

Mother and Daughter with Color-Bright Hair!



MOTHER'S GRAY HAIRS are tinted from view,
Blended with color of rich even hue.
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Both Nestle COLORTINT and Nestle COLORINSE are easy to use . . . absolutely safe . . . no tests needed. Both are available in 10 glamorous shades . . . at all cosmetic counters.

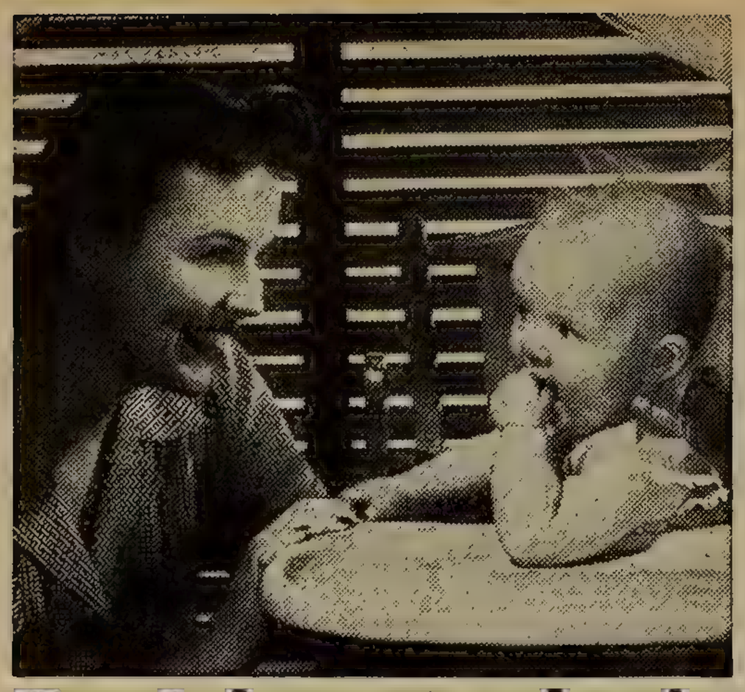
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It's not a simple job to raise a healthy, happy baby. When baby is cranky and irritable you fret and worry—and then you can't do a good job. But if you can have expert advice, available at all times, you know what to do and you eliminate worry.

Your baby may have his own doctor, but there are many ways in which you can help him by knowing how to handle the many *everyday* problems that constantly confront you.

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It is your duty as a mother to read as much about babies as possible—and to learn what makes them "tick." With Dr. Dafoe's book close at hand, you can face each day with greater confidence and assurance. The price of this helpful book is only 50¢ postpaid—while they last. Don't wait another minute—mail coupon for your copy—today.

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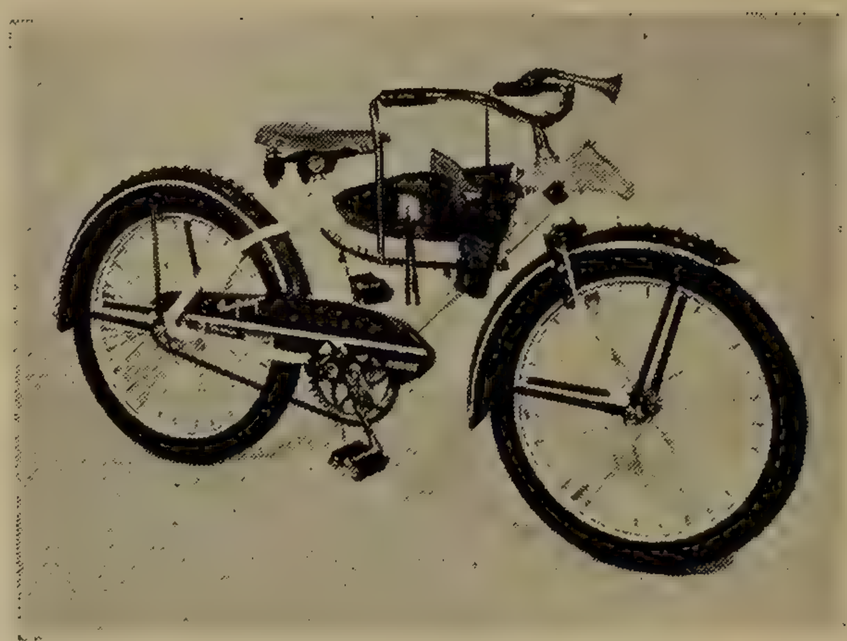
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Please Print Name and Address

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Gene Autry's prize round-up!

(*Continued from page* 46)







1st Prize: Gene Autry Monark Bicycle
2nd and 3rd Prizes: The Gene Autry Six-Shooter Watch
4th and 5th Prizes: Gene Autry Gun and Holster Set
Next Eighteen Prizes: Gene Autry Electric Pencil



clean in thought, word and deed.

A cowboy respects womanhood, his parents and the laws of his country.

A cowboy is a patriot.

Get in the Contest!

Any boy or girl up to the age of twelve can enter this contest and all entries will be judged according to age. On a sheet of paper about eight by eleven inches, draw a picture of Gene demonstrating one of his Code of the West rules. You can include his horse, Champion, too, if you think it better illustrates the Code rule you've chosen. You can color the drawing with crayons or water colors or anything you wish. And now just look at these wonderful prizes:

First Prize: A real *Gene Autry Monark Bicycle* in rodeo brown finish with life-like horse's head above the front fork, studded fenders, saddle with fringed two-toned saddle decorations and an official Gene Autry pistol in a leather holster, a pistol-type horn attached to the handle-bar, and chain-guard with Gene's own autograph. Your choice of 22" or 24" size of this magnificent bicycle from the Lewis Supply Company.

Second and Third Prizes: The *Gene Autry Six-Shooter Watch* with jeweled Swiss movement. This is a fully guaranteed timepiece and not a toy. It has a luminous dial that glows at night, a genuine leather cowboy strap, an unbreakable crystal, animated gun action and a picture of Gene on the face of the watch. From the Almike Corporation, licensed exclusively to make Gene Autry watches.

Fourth and Fifth Prizes: The official *Gene Autry Gun and Holster set.* A lavishly decorated leather belt with handsome holsters. All "tooled" and studded with a real cowboy buckle and silver-colored trimmings. And in each holster a real, repeating cap pistol. Manufactured by M. A. Henry Limited of Canada.

Next Eighteen Prizes: The Gene Autry Electric Pencil. Press a button and four-

color photographs of Gene and Champion light up. It's a fine automatic pencil in a handsome gift box from Klik Promotions.

Rules of the Contest

1. Draw or paint a picture of Gene Autry (and his horse, Champion, if you wish) acting out one of his Code of the West rules. If you choose "A cowboy is a patriot," for instance, draw Gene doing something which shows how a cowboy can be patriotic. The drawing can be on paper, cardboard or canvas, not bigger than eight by eleven inches.

2. Fill in all the information required on entry blank. Clip the coupon and secure firmly to drawing. Entry blank may be completed by parent, and parent or guardian *must* sign the coupon.

3. Sole judges of this contest will be Gene Autry and the editors of RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR. Drawings will be judged on originality and imagination in capturing the spirit of Gene Autry and his Code of the West, according to the contestant's age.

4. Entries must be postmarked no later than June 30. 1951. All entries become the property of RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR and will not be returned, nor can the magazine undertake to enter into correspondence concerning entries.

5. Entries should be addressed to Gene Autry Contest, Box 1477, Grand Central Post Office, New York 19, N. Y.

GENE AUTRY'S
PRIZE ROUND-UP
ENTRY BLANK

Name _____

_____

Age _____ Girl _____ Boy _____

Street or P.O. No. _____

_____

City _____

State _____

If I win, I want the (22" or 24") bicycle _____

Signature of parent or guardian _____

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on a two-week vacation!

July TRUE STORY

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TELLS YOU HOW!

Let's face facts. The overwhelming majority of single young girls on summer vacations are out to capture THE man. It's as natural and normal as homemade apple pie. No one can map out a miracle. But if there ever were a basic set of rules that a young girl should follow to insure the ultimate in "arranging conditions so as to suit her purpose," this is *the* story. It tells—

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THREE HAPPY PEOPLE

(*Continued from page* 31) and between meals. He doesn't go for sweets and he seldom takes a drink. Let him take one drink and boom, he puts on two pounds! He has to watch his weight which is a pitiful thing for he *loves* to eat. So, an olive in a big jar is none of my doing. None of Sid's routines are any of my—"

"The car," said Sid's voice, a quiet voice but with omen in it, "when I taught you to drive the car, know what I mean?"

"Oh, *that*, well . . ."

"She wanted to drive the car," Sid explains, putting on that patient expression with which he regards the vagaries of Miss Coca, "she kept on egging me and egging me. So one Sunday I said okay, let's go—because how much nagging can you take? So we get in the car and I tell her, 'Put your foot on the gas. Shift gears. Put your foot on the gas. Shift gears. Put your foot on the gas. Shift . . . you know how it is, you tell a person one, three, four, six, seven times—the *twentieth* time you get aggravated, red in the face, start to holler. That's what I did. Then suddenly I started to laugh. I said, 'This is funny.' So," Sid shrugged, "Imogene and I did it on the show."

"SOMETIMES you are your own source of material," Florence put in defensively, "when Shellie was born—know what *I* mean?"

"Three and a half years ago my daughter is born and now she thinks of it!"

"*You* thought of it and not so long ago either when, on the show, you lampooned a father waiting for his first baby to be born."

"So all right, so I walked around the hospital, I didn't know where, what, who . . . I was talking to myself out loud. Sure. Why not? I was making all kinds of bargains with God . . . *I won't do this anymore, please . . . From now on, who will know me?* To pass the time I was also making up things we'd do together, my son and I. I was telling him, 'We'll go skeet shooting in the Catskills. Your old man does a lot of target shooting. We'll ride horseback,' I said, 'I'm a man on a horse. Swimming, too. Ever see your Pop swim? No? But you will. And badminton. Your mother is very unathletic. I'm trying to teach her badminton. My hobby is collecting guns. Think you'll like that? I thought you would.' and then the nurse comes in and tells me, 'Mr. Caesar, you have a beautiful little girl.'"

"Which reminds me of another grievance I cherish and that is when people say to me, 'Being married to Sid Caesar, you must laugh all day long!' *Oh*, no. Apart from the fact that Sid rehearses all day long, six days a week, and rests the seventh day, Sid isn't funny offstage. He's serious. He's intense. He's a pessimist. A worrier. And every once in awhile he shuts up like a clam. He walks in and you know that's it. Not a word out of him for hours, sometimes for days."

In appearance Sid Caesar is most certainly not the way people who watch him on television think he is. He looks a good ten to fifteen years younger in person than on the television screen. And so much handsomer that your first reaction to the tall, dark and glamour is, this must be Sid Caesar's younger brother!

"Television does one of two things to most people," Sid explains his youthful (and dreamboat) appearance. "It either adds ten to fifteen years, or it takes them away. On me, it adds. I am twenty-eight—look thirty-eight on the show and know it. Makeup might subtract a few years from me, but I don't use any makeup. I can't. I'd sweat it right off. I perspire when I work like in a Turkish bath."

"He cares so intensely about everything," Florence says, "I met Sid—let's see, we've been married seven and a half years, so it would be eight and a half years ago—at my uncle's small hotel, Avon Lodge, near Woodridge in the Catskills. I was working as a childrens' counselor at the resort and Sid came up with the band. From that first day, we went steady. All I remember thinking was, Well, this will be a very pleasant summer romance. . . .

"But things are never merely a tepid 'very pleasant,' with Sid. He's too intense for that. Too extreme an extremist. In love, as in everything else. So the first thing you know, the very pleasant summer romance turns into the last act of Romeo and Juliet.

"The war had something to do, of course, with the dark overtones shadowing our romance. For during that summer of falling in love and knowing it, of being together every waking moment, Sid knew that in the fall he would be in the Service. He was inducted into the Coast Guard in November. And well do I remember our 'last Goodbye.' The *first* one. We'd been somewhere for dinner that last evening and when we got back we stood at my door and Sid was saying, 'Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye, so long . . . may never see you again, goodbye, goodbye . . .' It was his big chance to play dramatic but the drama in it was that he *wasn't playing*.

"The next morning, I hear his voice on the telephone:

"'WHAT HAPPENED,' he says, '*I* just happened to wander to one side of a pillar that divides the induction center in half. Then I hear the induction officer saying: All the men on this side of the pillar go to Parris Island. The rest of you go to Manhattan Beach. I'm going to Manhattan Beach!'

"Not long after this came word that Sid was to be shipped out. There was another 'last Farewell.' This time it was on the telephone: 'All the men from A to L are being shipped out,' he's telling me, as if reading from 'Hamlet,' 'so goodbye, goodbye, this is the End.'

"So what happens? Again his voice on the telephone, saying, 'Just wrote you a letter, packed my stuff and I'm shipped to —the Brooklyn Barracks.'

"This went on, with variations, until on July 17, 1943, exactly one year to the day after we met, Sid and I got married. Because Sid had only a forty-eight hour leave, we were married very quietly, just family, a few old friends and the service held in a little chapel in New York.

"How Sid ever became a comedian," says Mrs. Sid, "is something I will never know. He never had the most remote idea,

as you may know, of being a funnyman. Nor did he give evidence of any talent for comedy. Far from being the exhibitionistic, life-of-the-party type, when he went to parties he always sat on the side-lines, watching everyone. He still does.

Far from being a funnyman, Sid's dream was to be a long-hair musician which he gave up (for the saxophone, the clarinet, and the writing of popular songs) when he realized that Juilliard, where he was studying, and the Paris Conservatory, where he'd hoped to continue his studies, were too rich for his bank account. "I wasn't in rags on the street," he'll tell you, "wasn't starving exactly, but I remember putting cardboard in my shoes and eating a lot of boiled potatoes and sour cream."

He's very observant, and that is how he gets his material. He watches—although not consciously, he insists—people on the street. Situations, rather than individuals, are his source. Last winter, for instance, the Caesars came up from a vacation in Florida on a DC-4, a non-stop flight, which turned out to be so cramped, uncomfortable and rugged that Sid survived it—even enjoyed it—only because it gave him the idea for the routine he and Imogene did with Joan Bennett when she was their guest on the show. The three of them were jammed together like sardines on the front seat of the plane, you may remember, and Sid on their laps, in their hair . . .

"ONE EVENING a friend of ours dropped by Florence remembers. "He had had a fight with his wife. He started telling Sid, 'It's the finish, this is the end, the finish and *no more*.' 'Now, take it easy,' Sid counselled, 'relax, have some dinner, sit down.' 'No, I can't eat.' So he eats. As he eats, he's raving on, 'She's a nice girl, a nice woman, she's a fine girl—but she's *miserable*.' The next thing you know, the telephone rings, it's his wife and he's on his way home . . . and maybe you saw Sid as the husband who has left home on Your Show of Shows. Our friend and his wife saw it—they were in the studio audience that night as Sid's guests—and they *died*."

His success hasn't changed Sid. He's still shy. Still nervous. Modest to a fault. "A lot of the credit for Your Show of Shows goes," he tells everyone, "to my producer, Max Liebman, and the writers." Even his ambitions are modest. "I don't have any aspirations to be a millionaire," he tells you, "just enough to pay the butcher and the grocer." Yet he likes nice things, likes clothes, is neat as a new pin. Likes good cigars. Good food. Good cars.

Last Christmas, Sid gave Florence a mink coat. "We don't take her out anymore," he kids, "we take the coat out!"

He loves their new home, the eight-room-and-three baths co-op apartment on Park Avenue in the 80's which Sid bought.

"This is our first home after sub-letting all over the place for years," Florence says, "and Sid loves the idea of owning it."

That their home is on Park Avenue is another joy for Sid. "As a kid, my father used to drive me down Park Avenue, clear from Yonkers where we lived," he says, "and it seemed to me like being in another world. I never dreamed . . . But here I am and isn't it," Sid asks, his eyes serious, "a *small* world?"

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Should you talk to a house-party guest you haven't met?

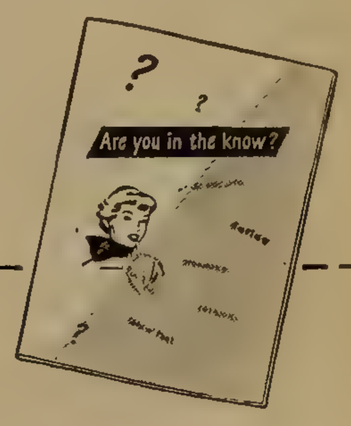
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HAPPILY EVER AFTER

(*Continued from page* 33) "I was a pretty cocky kid," Sandy grins.

He was cocky especially because he'd done it all himself, done it, in fact, against the wishes of his father. Sandy's father, a police lieutenant on the New York City force, wanted his son to become a doctor.

But fate had other ideas, and instead of becoming a doctor, Sandy has ended up by portraying one. Actually to those who understood where his real interests lay in his days at Newtown High School in Queens, the switch from medicine to the theatre could come as little surprise. Always drawn to acting, Sandy was a prominent member of the school's dramatic society. Puppetry, too, intrigued him, and he created his own troupe of puppets, giving performances at local churches and lodges. He liked art, especially cartooning.

STILL, WHEN he enrolled at New York University, Sandy had every intention of studying medicine till he got a job as a radio newscaster on a small station in Long Island, WWRL. At the grand salary of ten dollars a week, he started to work and the die was cast. This was what he wanted to do. When a better job on a station in the upstate New York town of Olean came through, Sandy grabbed it.

Here, in Olean, Sandy spent six of the most important months of his young life. Throwing himself headlong into his first full-time job in radio, he began to get a clear picture of where he wanted to go in it. First, establish himself in announcing, and then—branch out into acting.

Back in New York, he went to work for WNYC, the municipal station. Among his other assignments, Sandy was the announcer for New York's magnetic dynamo of a mayor, the late Fiorello H. LaGuardia, who used to call him "the kid."

Then in the fall of 1941, young Sandy Becker had a plum fall into his lap—an announcing job at WBT in Charlotte, North Carolina. Settling back in the train that was speeding him to his new assignment, Sandy was filled with high ambitions and some rather funny misconceptions. The first one was shattered as soon as the train pulled in at Charlotte.

Sandy, whose idea of the South was derived strictly from "Gone With The Wind," had been looking forward to entering an exotic region of sprawling bales of cotton and crumbling mansions.

"One of the great disappointments of my life," he says, "was getting off to see nothing but a dreary railway station and a town no different than any other."

As for the other misconception, it took Sandy seven months to get rid of that. Like any true nineteen-year-old New York sophisticate, he had a properly disdainful attitude toward Southern womanhood.

And then one June day—June 20th, 1942 to be exact—Sandy met Ruth Joyce Venable, one of the most popular girls in Charlotte. At the advanced age of twenty, after dating for several years, Ruth had decided that since she hadn't yet fallen in love she evidently was never going to. That being the case, Ruth thought she might as well take up singing as a career. She had a good voice and had already sung at some dances.

Four weeks later, Ruth said a not-too-sad farewell to her singing ambitions, and became Mrs. George Sanford Becker at an elopement ceremony in Marion, South Carolina. The courtship had been a lightning affair. With their first date, Ruth had decided that this young man was entirely different from any she had known before.

When a little more than a week after they had met Sandy said, "What would you say if I asked you to marry me?" Ruth found nothing unreasonable in the idea.

Still, after the elopement, even though they were wildly happy, Ruth understood what a selfish thing they had done. She just couldn't tell her mother.

"We had always been very close, Mother and I," Ruth says. "There was nothing that I had ever kept from her before. And actually there was no real reason for this secret marriage."

After the formal church ceremony a month later, Sandy and Ruth settled down briefly in a small cottage on the outskirts of town. Less than a year passed, however, before Sandy was called to service.

After his discharge, Sandy and Ruth came up to New York. Establishing some kind of a record, Sandy landed a job announcing a week later. From then on he became more and more in demand, but his heart was still set on acting. Finally in 1948, Gary Merrill, who had been playing Young Dr. Malone, was giving up the part to go to Hollywood. As Sandy puts it, there were "mammoth auditions." Not very encouraging for an untried youngster. But when the shouting was over, Sandy Becker had become Young Dr. Malone, and he did so well listeners never noticed the switch.

Sandy insists that he doesn't deserve all the credit.

"I WOULD never have been able to do it," he says, "without the wonderful cooperation of the cast, and without the help of Walter Gorman, our director—the best director in radio, in my opinion."

Exactly when did Sandy take over the part of Young Dr. Malone? Ask him that and he slowly pulls out his wallet, tenderly withdraws a check voucher. It's from his first salary check for playing the role, and it's dated November 30, 1948.

Now, of course, he's "Dr. Malone" not only on the daytime serial but to his neighbors and friends. Ruth comes in for her share of the kidding, too. When they first moved out to the Fresh Meadows housing development in New York's Borough of Queens two years ago, their neighbors couldn't figure out what this young man's profession could be. All the other husbands in the community left for work at a respectable 8 A.M. But this Becker character could be seen flying out the front door at eleven o'clock in the morning.

One woman particularly was consumed with curiosity.

"For weeks," Ruth says, "she watched this phenomenon take place every morning, until she couldn't stand it any longer. She just had to come over and ask me. Naturally word spread around and we became the Malones instead of the Beckers."

When Ruth was in the hospital awaiting Annelle, a new patient came in, who happened to be a daytime serial fan. At this

time, Jerry Malone had disappeared and the new patient kept complaining about not having a radio so that she could find out what was happening to him.

"I must know whether he's coming back," she kept repeating. "How can I find out if he's coming back?"

Without thinking, Ruth spoke up.

"He'll be back next Thursday," she said.

"How do you know?" demanded the other, and, of course, the secret was out and Ruth was "Mrs. Malone."

Now that Annelle has joined the family, the Beckers' two-bedroom attached duplex house is entirely too small for comfort and Sandy and Ruth are looking for a larger place. Spurring them on is the fact that their home is in desperate need of redecorating, largely due to the imaginative activity of two-year-old Curtis, otherwise known as Butch. His greatest joy in life thus far appears to be marking up walls.

SIX-YEAR-OLD Joyce has always liked to draw, but for a long time she seemed uninterested in the mural as a form of creative expression. Then one fine day Ruth discovered that Joyce had caught the bug, too. On the wall over her bed, in in the room she shares with Curtis, Joyce had drawn a group of gay figures.

The children have apparently inherited this artistic bent from their father, who spends a good part of his spare time drawing and sculpturing.

When the Beckers move and Ruth can redecorate, she expects to buy no pictures. She plans to have Sandy paint them.

Until the children are older, there will be no fragile or expensive furniture in the house. That's because Ruth firmly believes that the home should belong to the children as much as to their parents.

Another thing that both Ruth and Sandy believe in is discipline. The children are taught that there are rules which must be obeyed. If the occasion demands it, they are spanked.

"We give them all the love that we can," Ruth says, "but we also demand respect."

There is another important member of the Becker family. A pure-bred German Shepherd, his name is Jocko, and he is crazy about everyone in the family from Sandy to little Annelle, whom he will lick gently as she lies in her carriage.

Sandy and Ruth have come a long way since that impulsive beginning almost nine years ago. They have matured into responsible adults, learning, in the process, to counter-balance two very different temperaments. Ruth is the calm, tolerant one; Sandy is the more temperamental, likely to be disappointed in people because he expects too much of them, subject to great enthusiasms.

"You never know what he's going to do next," Ruth says, contentedly. "It keeps life interesting."

One sure sign of the strength of their marriage is that neither enjoys doing things without the other, whether it's shopping at the supermarket on Saturday for the week's supplies, or playing poker or canasta with the neighbors, or looking for new furniture.

With Sandy branching out into television, with a new baby in the family, and with a new house to find and furnish, life has never been more exciting for the Beckers than it is right now.

As Sandy says: "It makes me feel so darn sorry for poor Young Dr. Malone."



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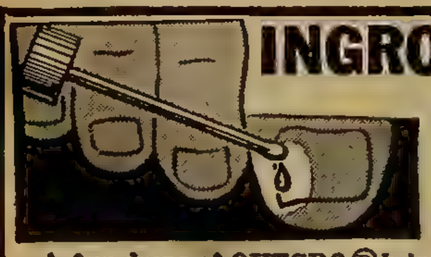
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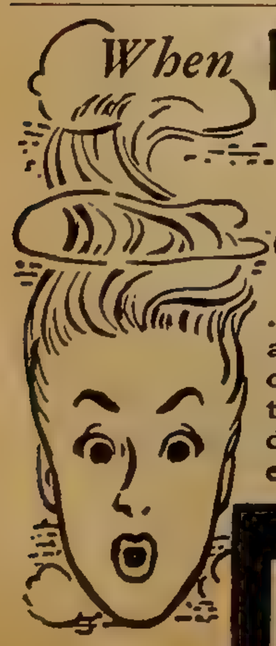
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COME AND VISIT TONY MARTIN

(*Continued from page* 37) occasions is tremendous; at five months of age he weighed nineteen pounds, eight ounces, and had two firm, white teeth which he revealed in an infectious grin whenever he is accorded attention. Now he is taking his first steps and trying to manufacture baritone solos.

When Cyd and Tony purchased the house, they were a little worried about the usualness of its architecture. "The only way we're going to be contented here," said Tony, "is to give the place some personality. Right now it needs—well, something."

"To be lived in," supplemented Cyd, "and to be marked by our personal tastes and activities."

First step was to correct the dull character of the entrance hall, which started life as a stereotyped corridor leading from front door to patio.

THE MARTINS agreed that an antiqued mirror, installed in foot-squares from floor to ceiling, would give an impression of space and graciousness. Next, an irregular planting area, marked by an eighteen-inch flagstone retaining wall, was installed in front of the mirrored wall. Presto, the visitor was greeted by the illusion of size, airiness, and greenery.

The living room was furnished with lounges. Two huge divans were installed along the east wall. In front of the fireplace the Martins placed a lazy-susan coffee table, five feet in diameter. Around this they installed two semi-circular, backless sofas.

The Martins, analyzing their social life, discovered that their summer parties centered around the swimming pool and the patio barbecue, but that their winter parties centered around the fireplace. The two sofas were the answer to the fireplace congestion. For really big parties, these sofas can be moved into position beside one of the divans to create a large—but cosy—conversational group.

Tony's determination to fill the house with really meaningful mementos is given expression in the living room. Above the fireplace is a Vlaminck landscape, a prize purchased when Cyd and Tony were in Paris. It is a fascinating study of a thunderous sky brooding over a rain-soaked country road, and—by contrast—it makes the fireplace seem a secure and cosy spot.

The card room, sunny and warm during the day, is the spot to which guests gravitate when Cyd and Tony are having only a few people in for supper.

The west wall of the card room is a souvenir-lover's dream. Assembled on it are such mementos as a giant-size key to the city of Boston; a certificate "key" to the city of New Orleans; the cricket bat which was presented to Tony during his Palladium appearance in London.

The Martins' dining room is a gay room, flooded with morning sunlight from its wide eastern windows. They never entertain more than eight people at a sit-down dinner, and they keep the menu simple. When they give a really large party, the Martins entertain at a hotel.

The Martins' medium-sized parties are given in their own home and served buffet style, a system on which Tony insists that he is an authority. "The important thing about a buffet dinner is color. We like to serve sliced breast of turkey, covered by a golden Welsh rarebit. On the table we like to have a huge pot of baked beans topped by bacon, a bright red tomato aspic salad and a large plate of sliced avocados. Everybody says, 'That *looks* good,' and your party is a success."

Adjoining the dining room is Tony's music room. Its walls are chocolate brown, and applied in geometric designs on this background are a series of pages torn from an antique book of sheet music. Around the room, just below the ceiling, is a white border made by the lines of the scale. On this scale appear the white notes of Tony's theme song.

The entire house is eloquent of the fact that it is occupied by two people who are very much in love and who share one another's lives completely. Oddly enough, when Tony and Cyd first met, there was nothing in the meeting to prophesy that they would one day occupy a dream house together.

Their original date was arranged by Nat Goldstone, who was agent for both. Talent agents are notable cupids in Hollywood, but in this case Mr. Goldstone's efforts seemed to be wasted. Cyd looked at Tony and decided that, in all probability, he was a self-satisfied young man. Tony looked at Cyd and concluded that she had been spoiled by those who were impressed by her beauty and talent. The evening was marked by more than a slight chill.

A year went by, and Mr. Goldstone tried again. He found himself stuck with two extra tickets to "Black Narcissus," called Tony and suggested that he take Cyd, joining the Goldstones for dinner in advance. Tony didn't exactly say no; he suggested that Cyd might be more interested in some other client on the Goldstone list. Mr. Goldstone said that time was running out and he didn't want to entrust Cyd with anyone except Mr. Martin.

SO TONY called for the same Miss Charisse he had squired one year earlier, and concluded that there must have been something wrong with his eyesight on that occasion. She was pretty. Moreover, she had a sense of humor. Furthermore, she was casual, natural and without affectation.

As for Cyd, she decided that Tony had improved and mellowed a great deal in twelve months. Shortly after, Cyd injured her knee in a dancing routine and was hospitalized. Tony sent her flowers regularly and telephoned several times a week. When, just after the stroke of midnight on New Year's Eve, he called to wish Cyd (still in the hospital) a Happy 1948, he suspected that it was going to be a great year for both of them.

They were married on May 15, 1948, and embarked on a permanent honeymoon. Tony, Jr., was born August 28, 1950.

The key to Tony's success has been harmony; the key to Cyd's success has been rhythm. The key to the Martin household is a combination of rhythm and harmony. What could make a guest more welcome!

LUCKY MARION MARLOWE

(*Continued from page* 35) appearing in the London musical; above her performance before the King and Queen of England; above meeting such greats as Winston Churchill and Anthony Eden; and above the attentive escorts of nobility who flocked around her.

From the meeting with Arthur has come her present success on his television program, many movie offers, and a future more luminous than most twenty-one-year-olds dare to dream about.

The best thing about it, Marion feels, is that it all seemed to come about so casually. She was back in this country last winter, a bride of about five months, living with her husband temporarily in Miami.

Anyhow, at this particular point she was having dinner one night at the Kenilworth Hotel in Miami, and in the course of the evening she met the hotel's owner, Mr. Raffington. He asked if she would like to sing there the following Sunday evening, and she said she would be delighted.

IT HAPPENED that Godfrey had expected to be in Miami the previous week but was delayed until the night of Marion's appearance on the show. Fate scheduled her number with his belated arrival.

It was an unusually responsive audience and Marion left the stage elated. She was called into the office, and expected only to be handed her check for the evening's work. "Someone wants to meet you," Mr. Raffington said. It was Godfrey, who took her hand and told her, "Little lady, I think you're wonderful. Can you leave for New York with me in the morning?"

That first day on the Godfrey show is almost a blank in her memory. From early afternoon she went through the motions of rehearsing and then doing the show, hardly aware of reality.

Just what sparks a career like Marion's and justifies this faith? Let's go back to the real beginning of her story and try to find out:

She was born in St. Louis on March 7, 1930, the only child of the Townsends. Marion became famous in the Townsend neighborhood for being the only baby who had bounced right out of her diapers in perfect rhythm with the music. At the age of four that feeling for rhythm had led to singing on the radio with juvenile talent shows, and at five she presided over a daily fifteen-minute program of her own. Two years later she was doing "dramatics" on the air.

When Marion got to Beaumont High School she was so taken up with her own special interests that she had no time for the usual teen-age sports. This is the sort of high school heresy that sets a girl apart and leaves her a little lonely at times.

In her early teens, Marion got experience in dramatic roles with some of the little theater groups, like St. Louis' Rooftop Theater. There was some professional modeling to help pay for lessons. Then, at seventeen, one of her biggest breaks came, although it didn't turn out at all as she expected.

She had made a recording of a song for a friend, and a motion picture executive heard it and encouraged her to go to Hollywood.

After many months she was right where she'd started, career-wise. Fate was still on the job, however. One evening she decided that only a movie would lift her spirits. Although fifty cents seemed a sizable sum, she paid thirty-nine cents admission to the theater around the corner and ten cents went into the popcorn machine in the lobby. Her dime stayed in, but no popcorn came out, and she was banging on the machine and shaking it when a voice asked, "Can I help?"

She looked up—way up, beyond her own five feet seven and one-half inches, to the man who towered a full eleven inches above her. The first thing she noticed, of course, was his big heavenly height, men tall enough for her to look up to being reasonably scarce. She had liked his voice, and she liked his looks—but most of all she liked the fact that he shook the precious popcorn loose. He was on his way in to see the movie, too, and there happened to be only two seats left, and they were together. She shared the popcorn with him and after the show he asked which way she lived and offered to walk along with her if she didn't mind.

On the way home he told her he had recently got out of the Navy. They compared ages and she learned he was eight years older than she. Marion's aunt invited Hal in for coffee that first night, liked him so well that she asked him to dinner later in the week. Two and a half years later Hal and Marion were married at her home in St. Louis.

The movies didn't seem to want Marion during that first Hollywood period, but one night when she was singing at Ciro's, a London producer offered her a singing-dancing lead in a show he was casting. A few months later she was in London, rehearsing for the musical, called "Sauce Tartar." It had a highly successful run and she stayed with it for eighteen months, doubling on Sundays on television for the BBC.

"I LOVED England, partly perhaps because I am English on my father's side. Even the first time I set foot on London's cobblestones I had the strangest feeling I had been there before. But I was terribly happy to get back. Two days after I got home, Hal and I were married."

Frank Parker, who sings with her on the Godfrey show, can't say enough about her natural showmanship, her voice and her wonderful enthusiasm. Archie Bleyer, the orchestra leader, will tell you that every note she sings is expressive, every word full of meaning. This is rare praise from the artists who work with her every week.

But perhaps the finest tribute of all occurred the night of her twenty-first birthday. Hal, now in government service, was down in Florida and couldn't get to New York. She was feeling a little sorry for herself. Before the show began she told one of the crew that it was a big day in her life, then forgot she had even mentioned it.

When she came off the stage and went back to her dressing room, someone had marked up her mirror with lipstick. "Happy Birthday from the stagehands," it said. A cake used in the commercial on the show had been decorated with a candle.

Happily, she realized then that she had really been taken into the magic circle of Arthur Godfrey and His Friends.

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A Reason for



In the fight that was going on in Meta's private world—in the world beneath the other surface—only Joe Roberts understood.

Living

BY EVELYN FIORE

When a woman loses all that is most dear, when she faces life without the one cherished person—where does she find courage to continue?

EDITOR'S NOTE: These are the harrowing events which led up to the death of Meta White's son, Chuckie, and the ordeal which Meta went through before she was cleared, on the grounds of temporary insanity, of the murder of her husband, Ted. Throughout it all, Meta was able to maintain the inner strength that helped her find a reason for living.

WHEN Meta White went on trial for her life, charged with the murder of her husband, every paper in the country was ready to offer a fortune for her bylined story. Classically, dramatically beautiful, retaining still the aura of her successful modeling career and her brilliant marriage, and shadowed now by tragedy which had culminated in shattering horror . . . the public went wild with curiosity about her. Editors bit their nails and sent frantic long-distance calls to their Los Angeles correspondents. Wily reporters wheedled or bribed or blustered, until Meta's lawyer and friend, Ray Brandon, threatened to take special steps to protect her. The sensation-seekers did their best, but their best was not nearly good enough. Gradually it became clear that Meta White wasn't going to talk.

What the public never learned was that Meta couldn't talk. For a long time she couldn't even try, not even for the shaken little group of family and friends who banded (*Continued on page* 96)

The Guiding Light is heard M-F, 1:45 P.M. EDT, CBS. Sponsored by P & G's Duz.

Don't be HALF-SAFE



by VALDA SHERMAN

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you mature. Now, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a new type of perspiration containing milky substances which will – if they reach your dress – cause ugly stains and clinging odor.

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(*Continued from page* 95) together to help her. Not for Papa or her sister Trudy or her brother Bill; not for Charlotte Brandon, Ray's wife, who was as nearly Meta's most intimate friend as anyone in the world. Almost not even for Ray himself, though her very life depended on what she could tell him. Only one man in the early days of her trial understood that it was not obstinacy but self-protection. Better than any psychiatrist, Joe Roberts perceived that Meta couldn't afford to remember. She was afraid she might lose her desperate fight for sanity, for balance . . .

Joe Roberts, reporter, saw this almost too clearly. It was the kind of understanding that could do him no good in his primary goal—to get her story. But gradually he gave in, acknowledging to himself that Meta Bauer White was no longer a story, but a woman . . . a woman. Meta could talk a little to Joe. He, too, had children, and he had been through some kind of purgatory himself. She tried; and she talked. Somehow, because it was Joe, she even knew just where to start.

The night it had happened, Meta and Ted had been sitting in the library of their home, reading. The Whites at home, she was thinking; like a picture in *House Beautiful.* The caption would never, never say that the Whites were not really at home with one another. They were at odds about everything under the sun. That the only thing that kept them in the same room—the same life—was Chuckie.

As if his name in her mind had been a signal, they heard it—the shout followed instantly by the sickening thud that resounded through the house. "Chuckie!" Meta screamed, and was running up the stairs before the echo had faded, dimly conscious of the pounding of Ted's feet right behind her. Through Chuckie's bedroom and into the bathroom—and there, horribly still, at the bottom of the dry tub, Chuckie lay. Silent; motionless.

Meta thought she screamed again, but it was on an indrawn breath that she said, "Oh—God!" Ted's hand was already on Chuckie's forehead, on his wrist. With the other he held her off.

"He's all right; just stunned. Look out, I'm going to lift him."

"*Just* stunned! Give him to me!" But Ted pushed her easily aside and carried Chuckie to his bed. Meta's own breath stopped as she bent over the slight little figure; but in a matter of seconds the eyelids fluttered and opened. Chuckie—blessedly—was all right again.

"Where's Dad?"

"Here, son," Ted said from the other side of the bed. He put a hand on Chuckie's shoulder, and even at that moment Meta couldn't help thinking, "Another man would bend down and kiss him. Not Ted—Ted has to be man-to-man. As though Chuckie were twenty-six instead of six." Her own lips trembled as she pressed them against Chuckie's cheek. He stirred, too polite to push her away. "I'm all right," he said. "What happened?—Oh, I fell?" He sat up and looked anxiously at Ted. "Dad—I *didn't* cry."

"Of course not. You only conked yourself a bit. Nothing to get—" he glanced at Meta with cool irony—"hysterical about."

"You think not?" Meta accepted the look as a challenge and hit back sharply. "It was quite a thud. I believe even you ran instead of walking. And Chuckie was unconscious for a few seconds—even you saw that. Call it hysterical if you like, but I'm going to call Dr. Boling."

"Meta, really." Ted's mouth curved in distaste. "Must you go running to that man at the slightest excuse? I tell you Chuckie's perfectly all right—"

Meta started to say, "Let's not do this in front of Chuckie, please," but bit it back in time, remembering that after all she had snapped first at Ted. Without further words she went out to the hall extension and called Ross Boling.

Ross seemed to agree with Ted. He asked quick questions—if Chuckie seemed all right, alert, not in pain. "There's always an off chance of concussion, but it doesn't sound like it. I'll come if you insist, but I'm certain it's not called for."

Reluctantly Meta hung up. From Chuckie's bedroom came his thin, precise voice, childish but still so much like Ted's . . . he did sound perfectly normal, talking away about the paint set she had bought him that day. She smothered a faint regret that Ross hadn't thought it advisable to come out, in a sense putting himself on Ted's side against her, though he couldn't know that . . .

When she went back into the bedroom Chuckie showed her how neatly he had done up his pajamas. "All by myself, Mother, see—I told you last night I



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could do the pajamas all by myself."

"And your mother wouldn't allow you to?" Ted clucked his tongue in mock deprecation. "Now that she's seen how well you do she'll naturally not interfere again. Isn't that so, my dear?" From almost identical eyes, Ted and his son looked at her, and Meta felt a chill contract her shoulders. Innocent triumph shone from Chuckie's blue eyes, but Ted's were not innocent.

After kissing Chuckie and tucking him in, they went out, Ted pausing to click off the light just outside his door. Meta bit her lip. It was an old battle, this of the night light. She didn't feel like fighting it again tonight, with Chuckie already upset. If he asked for it . . . she listened, but from the darkened bedroom came no sound. With his father there, Chuckie was more afraid to reveal his fear of the dark than to suffer, as Meta knew he did, from the fear itself.

SHE HAD tried so often to tell Ted that nowadays people didn't make children go through hell if they were scared of the dark. You gave them a dim light; then, when they were a little older and able to be reasoned with, you explained, you convinced them there was nothing to be afraid of. And because they had learned by that time to trust and believe in you, they believed you about the dark. It worked. In book after book on child psychology Meta had circled those paragraphs, but Ted always put them aside with the curt verdict, "Coddling."

Meta went to bed, to lie awake and wonder as the night lengthened how long it had taken Chuckie to fall asleep. It wasn't only the dark he feared. There were so many things . . . sometimes she wondered how it could be that Ted, considered such an intelligent man, couldn't see how ludicrous he was with his deliberate insistence that Chuckie not be afraid of anything. It's unmanly to show fear, he would say; and Chuckie, more afraid of his father's criticism than of anything, would stiffen and thin his little mouth and try to look as much like Ted as possible.

Meta sat up suddenly in the darkness. Was that a noise from Chuckie's room? Fumbling for robe and slippers, she went silently down the corridor to his door. He was flinging about in bed, tossing the blankets frantically, his forehead damp when she touched it. Words formed from his murmurings . . . "But paints are nice. Dad, I want . . ." and then, "I'm lost. I'm lost, you'll have to come—" He gave a final toss that would have landed him on the floor if she hadn't held him.

"Mother!" he cried, as though she frightened him more than his nightmare.

"I'm sorry, darling, I didn't mean to wake you. You were having a bad dream, I think."

"I'm all right. It was . . . I think it was . . . I don't want that paintbox, Mother."

It took Meta a moment to understand. "The paints we bought today? Well—all right, dear, we'll put them aside till you do want them." He's still half asleep, she thought. Best let him get right back without really waking him.

But Chuckie said earnestly, "I don't want them at all. Dad says it's sissy."

Meta stiffened. For months she had watched Chuckie laboring with his babyish nursery crayons, trying to get the effects he wanted. He had asked for paints every time they went into town. And now, Ted said they were sissy, so Chuckie couldn't afford to want them any longer. But aloud she only said quietly, "We'll talk about it when we're both wide-awake, darling. Would you like anything now—some milk or water?" Chuckie shook his head. "All right then, darling, I'm going now." Obediently he slid back and let Meta smooth the covers, and submitted to a kiss. At the door she hesitated. "Would you like me to leave the light on now?"

Chuckie jerked upright. "Oh, no! I'm big enough to do without it!" There was an actual touch of panic as he thought she might tempt him to go against his Dad's orders. Meta had an insane desire to scream at him as though he were an adult, "Chuckie, relax! Never mind Dad! If you want the light you may have it, darling, don't fight yourself so hard because of what Dad says!" But all she said was "Good night, then."

She slept very little. But she used the long night to make up her mind to something she'd been evading; one of the few things she'd been afraid to do because of Ted's violent objection to it. There were few things he held in greater contempt than psychiatrists, and his anger when she first mentioned taking Chuckie to one was really frightening. The suggestion that any outsider could presume to advise him about his own son made him so furious that—because he rarely permitted himself to lose his temper—he became really threatening. Meta had hesitated, going only so far as to get from Ross the name of a child psychiatrist he respected. But she couldn't let any more time go by. Chuckie worried her; he wasn't doing well at all. Too many nightmares, she thought, planning out what to tell the doctor. Too evasive about other children, too unable to give and take. This disturbing fear of any kind of physical activity. And now Ted's insistence that he take boxing lessons . . . could that do him any good? The fear of water, the other fears Ted wouldn't recognize, and Chuckie wouldn't admit . . . It was enough, surely, to disturb any mother?

DR. HEWITT didn't seem to think she was. Ross, who made the appointment for her the next day, told her how lucky she was to get it on such short notice, but when Meta left Chuckie in the outer office and went in for her own brief interview, she realized that Ross must have given his friend a pretty thorough briefing on the White family, pointing up her anxiety and Ted's opposition.

"I must say at once, Mrs. White, that in cases like this—where one parent is in opposition or at least is not cooperative—I usually withdraw. There's not much I can do for a child whose home environment isn't geared to operate in harmony with whatever I feel I've learned about the child. Dr. Boling explained that Mr. White isn't—"

Meta's hands clenched on her purse. "I'm prepared to do anything," she interrupted, "even anything drastic, if you feel as I do about Chuckie—that he isn't getting the right things from us at home. Please don't worry about my husband."

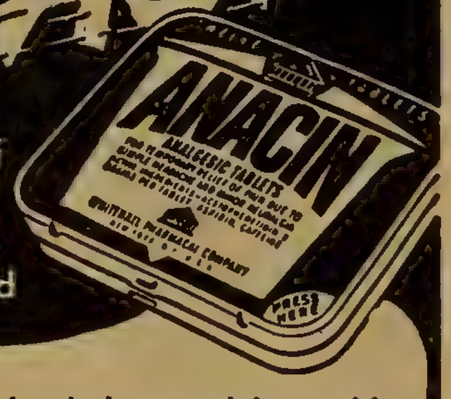
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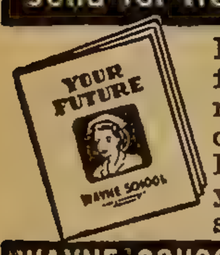
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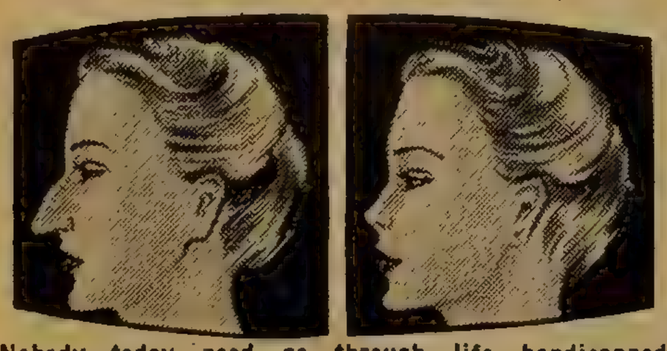
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husband. With Mrs. Winters she planned a dinner to include the special salad he liked, and reminded the housekeeper to use the new china they had brought back from England. Feeling a little wry and foolish, she put on the dramatic new housecoat Ted liked. Everything on the surface must be smooth, must be pleasing and disarming, for it was going to require all the courage she had to tell Ted what she had learned that afternoon. Dr. Hewitt didn't think she was a nervous mother; Dr. Hewitt thought there were things bothering Chuckie that could lead to even worse things, later on . . .

As always, Ted was well aware that she had tried to make it a special evening. He was like a woman that way, sensitive to the slightest change in atmosphere, observant of all detail. He never said, "You're looking well tonight," but rather, "The line of that thing is perfect for you," or "You must get something else in that shade of violet; it's charming." He said just that tonight, and then as she thanked him, he went on with scarcely a pause and with no change in tone, "Why did you disregard my wishes—my orders—about not subjecting Chuckie to a psychological examination?"

Taken by surprise, Meta struggled to keep eyes and voice level as she answered. "I did as I thought best. Surely your—orders, as you call them—don't have the force of legal restriction?"

He said smoothly, "In case you're wondering how I found out, it was Chuckie himself who told me, of course. When I dropped into his room before coming down to dinner, you know."

"Ted—please listen. Listen as though I were a stranger talking to you about Chuckie. Those nightmares—does it seem right to you that a child of six should have them so often? Doesn't it tell you he's worried, disturbed about something he can't or daren't talk about while he's awake?"

"Everybody has some fears, at some time in his life. The important thing is not to give way to your fear. Chuckie knows that, I've told him that."

"I know you've told him. But he's only six, Ted. He can't control his reactions as well as you seem to expect. He'll do anything to live up to your expectations. Won't you try to find out what's best for him, and do that? At Dr. Hewitt's office today—no, please let me finish, then you can have your say. The doctor had a table full of toys for Chuckie. That's how they get to the children, apparently—try to get a line on them without asking questions. He pretended he had some papers to sign, and told Chuckie to amuse himself for a while. There were—there were boxing gloves, and a boat with a wind-up motor, and a set of oil paints."

Ted lit a cigarette. "I see. And with these props the eminent doctor can arrive at a blueprint of any child's character."

"Please, *please!* You know psychology isn't a question of blueprints! All he wanted was a key, an indication to Chuckie's real thoughts."

"And he got it, no doubt."

"He got it. Ted, the first thing Chuckie did when he thought he wasn't observed was to push the gloves as far away as he could. Then he put the boat out of sight under the table. The only thing he played with was the painting outfit."

"Extraordinary," Ted said. "Did it occur to you or this so-called scientist of yours that the boy was showing very good sense? One can't expect him to box with himself, now can one? And forgive me for being so practical, but what good is a boat without water on which to run it?"

Through clenched teeth Meta said, "Let me finish. He didn't merely ignore the gloves. He *pushed* them from him, tried to hide them. And he wouldn't talk about his boxing lessons. When the doctor asked if he were looking forward to them he just held up a picture he had painted and asked the doctor if he could tell what it was meant to be."

There was a pause, while Ted methodically stamped out his cigarette. Meta wondered if she should tell him that Dr. Hewitt had found Chuckie's paintings interesting, and had even said that he ought to be encouraged to express himself in drawing and color.

Ted was angry enough without that now. He stood up and looked at her coldly. "If you've quite finished, I've got a book I'm anxious to get at. And by the way, Meta, you'll oblige me by paying close attention to what I'm about to say." Steel had crept into his voice, arousing in Meta the familiar, futile resentment. She could only run away. It was hopeless. He said, "Chuckie is my son. I will bring him up as I see fit. You are not to annoy and upset the boy by any more psychological persecutions."

She hated him so much that she couldn't even look at him. She was conscious that he left the room and went on up the stairs.

Startled, Meta lowered the hands with which she had covered her quivering lips and stared upwards. She heard the door of his room close . . . Thank heaven for money, she thought fiercely. At least they didn't have to preserve the fiction of a happy marriage on into the night. They could afford a house large enough to give them each a separate bedroom, could meet at breakfast with formal good-mornings like people staying at the same hotel.

A shuddering certainty crept into the room and hung over her, a cloud created of her own thoughts and Ted's. She could almost see him up there, hands tented before him, eyes calculating . . . weighing his chances of getting Chuckie if it should come to separation or divorce. Ah, but he never would, never! On what grounds? Her lips twisted. If it came to that, it might be easier for her to make out a case against him. What was there against her? Nothing.

For a few days there was armed peace in the White household. Ted was at home very little, and they were unfailingly courteous to one another when they met. Nothing more was said about Dr. Hewitt, except that Chuckie told Meta one day that Dad wouldn't let him talk about his visit to the doctor. "I wanted to tell about the oil paints, Mother, because I thought maybe they weren't sissy like the water colors Dad took away from me—the ones you got. I thought if that man had them in his office maybe other little boys played with them too, so I might—but Dad said it was the same thing."

Meta smiled down at him. "Never mind,

darling, maybe Daddy will think about it some more one of these days."

"Oh, I don't care," he said airily. "If they're sissy I don't want them anyway, Dad says there are other things I can do."

"You mean like your boxing lessons, Chuckie? You haven't told me anything yet about Mr. Miller."

"He's all right." Chuckie squatted and stared at something on the floor. Then he bent his head lower and said in a tight little voice, "Mother, I don't want to talk about that."

What could you do? What could you do about a little boy who kept running away from you? Who was so frightened now that he wouldn't trust anybody? It wasn't faith that made Chuckie tremble before his father. It was fear. And she was supposed to stand helplessly by, and not lift a hand toward the bewildered, lonely child . . . *her* child.

THE BOXING lessons came on Fridays. Thursday nights Chuckie ate almost nothing, and his sleep was usually restless. One night he fell out of bed and when Meta, hearing the thud, came quickly to help him, he cringed from her. "No, no, I won't," he said hoarsely. "I won't put up my hands. Don't touch me—I can't—" Then he came awake and recognized her and surrendered, weeping, into her arms. Meta held him tightly, rocking him to and fro. It was so long since he'd let her hold him this way. Oh, he needed her! She lowered her head, for he was whispering something. "Mother, I want the light, please, please," she heard.

"Of course, darling—of course, Chuckie. Don't be frightened, my love," she said, her lips against his hair. Suddenly she was aware that Ted had come into the shadowy room.

"He's not frightened," he said sharply. "Are you, Chuckie? You know and I know that there's nothing to be frightened of. Come on, fellow. No tears." Murderous hatred pounded in Meta's throat. Couldn't he let the child alone, let him give way for once! And yet—there was Chuckie, stiffening, beginning already to pull away.

Quietly she turned away, telling Ted she thought he would go right to sleep if they left him. But at the door she hesitated. "He asked for the light," she said unwillingly. "Don't you think we ought to—"

Ted glanced back at the flat little form in the bed. "Chuckie? You don't want this light, do you, old man?"

"Oh, no!" Chuckie jerked upright. "Oh, no, Dad. I don't need the light on. I don't really want it. Only—please leave the door open, Dad?" His voice quavered on the last words, and Meta went swiftly out to blink tears from her eyes. As they separated at her room she said, "He did ask for it, you know. I wasn't inventing that."

"I don't doubt it," Ted said agreeably. "With a little encouragement a child will ask for almost anything, don't you find? A light or a drink of water."

Meta's control cracked. "How can you be so utterly blind and stupid? Don't you see he's paralyzed with fear of you? Some day the strain will be too much for him, and he'll break into a thousand pieces, and I'll have to stand by and watch and know that he could have been saved—"

"Oh, go to bed," Ted said with unconcealed contempt. "You're hysterical. You're becoming so emotionally unstable I sometimes wonder if you ought to be around Chuckie at all. Good night." The door of his bedroom slammed behind him.

That was it, then. It couldn't go on any longer. He couldn't have shown more clearly the direction his thoughts had taken. It was no longer a question of making the best of marriage with Ted in order to protect Chuckie's home. Ted had joined battle—perhaps he had already talked to his lawyer. Now it was a matter of acting quickly, surely, to make certain he couldn't take Chuckie from her.

Next morning, making an appointment with Ray Brandon by telephone, she realized that none of this had the feeling of great decision. How deluded she had been not to have faced it long ago—the inevitability of breaking with Ted. This didn't even seem like a crisis, now, because they had been coming to it so slowly and over so long a period. The big thing now was to remain calm.

She came close to panic, however, when she went up to say goodbye to Chuckie before going to Ray's office. He was having lunch, and didn't take much notice of her presence until he, eyes on the applesauce he was spooning up, said, "Mother when are you going away?"

Meta said carefully, "What made you think I was going anywhere special, Chuckie? I'm just going downtown to see Uncle Ray right now, but I'm coming home after that."

"I don't mean now. I mean for a long time." Dad said maybe you were going some time soon."

Meta's whole body trembled. Dad said you might be going away . . . the groundwork already being laid! Had she waited too long? What arrogant certainty Ted had revealed in saying such a thing to Chuckie. "I'm not going anywhere without you, Chuckie. If I do go away you're coming with me."

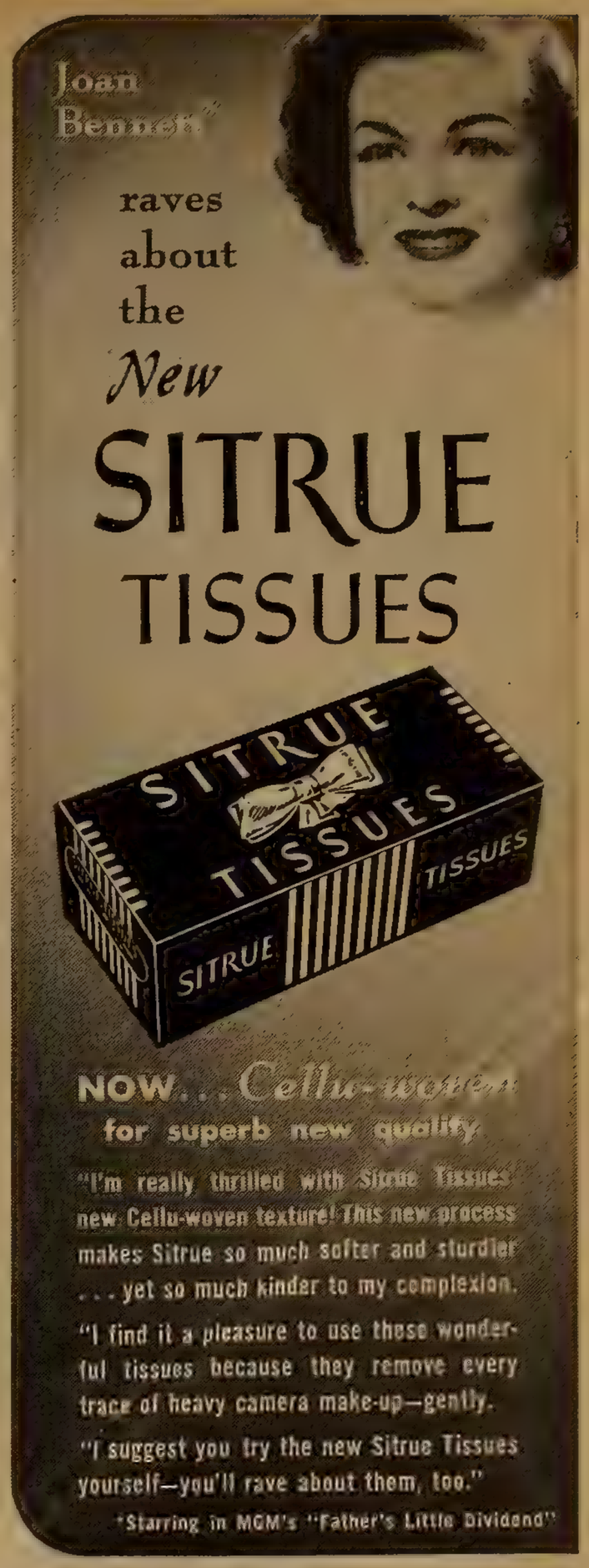
LATER, RETURNING home, Meta thought with almost wistful surprise how easy it was for a world to end. Wasn't there a poem somewhere, about the world ending not with a bang but with a whimper? Her world was ending that way now—her make-believe world of a home and family for Chuckie. Fizzling out . . . Ray had made it all so simple. He had arranged a plan which didn't require much of her. All she had to do was get herself and Chuckie out of the house and established in some safe place—with her family in Selby Flats he agreed, when Meta suggested that.

Calling Papa was the hardest thing she had to do. She had seen so little of the family lately that she couldn't pretend it was just a routine visit she was planning. But Papa never asked questions of his children. He knew she would tell him in time. All he asked was, "What do you want me to explain to Trudy and Bill, Meta? What should I tell them?"

In the stuffy phone booth, Meta shrugged. Make it definite; get it over with.

"Yes, I see. Meta—you're sure?"

"I saw Ray this afternoon, Papa. Ray Brandon—my lawyer." She knew this would convince Papa—and Trudy too, who might otherwise be inclined to argue—that her mind was made up. She was right; by dinnertime, when she and a somewhat surprised but docile Chuckie were established in the Bauer apartment, it was plain that the family had decided to



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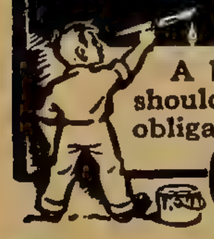
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ask no questions, but to wait for whatever she was ready to tell them.

She felt no curiosity about Ted—about his reaction, about what he might be thinking. She only held herself alert for what he might do. He saw his lawyer at once, of course; Ray told her he had been asked to try to arrange a reconciliation. Then one day Ted himself came, so unexpectedly that she barely had time to send Chuckie to his room before he was in the house. It was a brief, emotionless interview. Ted had planned it, she saw immediately, to give the impression that he wanted her back too.

"You're my wife, Meta," he repeated several times. But it rang so false that even he didn't try very hard to convince her. It was Chuckie he wanted, and after a minute or so he made no bones about saying so. Meta said as little as possible.

It wasn't hard to say nothing to Ted. She had nothing to say to him. Everything that had driven them apart had been talked over so often already . . . question and answer, charge and counter-charge, like a too-well-rehearsed play.

She would have done almost anything to keep him from seeing Chuckie, but she knew—Ray had told her—that since, during the separation, Ted would have to contribute to Chuckie's support, the court would certainly arrange that Chuckie be with his father for regular periods. There was nothing Meta could do to prevent that, and when Ray told her Ted was to have Chuckie every Saturday and Sunday during the preliminary period she submitted reluctantly.

She was annoyed when Ted's lawyer called up during the first week of the arrangement and asked for a change. "Just this week," he explained, "Mr. White must leave town on Sunday, and he has asked if he might be with Chuckie Friday and Saturday instead. It's the two-day period the court arranged, you see, except that it's Friday instead of Sunday. Do you object?"

Meta did object, but somehow she couldn't justify her objection. What logical reason could she have given for refusing? It seemed a very small thing at the time . . .

She explained to Chuckie, on Friday morning, that his Dad was coming by for him. Chuckie took it calmly. Her hands shook with love and fear as she smoothed Chuckie's jacket and gave his cap a final straightening pat. She heard the bell ring, and remained in the bedroom as Chuckie started for the door. Abruptly, however, he came back and put his hands on hers. "Mother—it's Friday," he said, looking up at her anxiously.

"Yes, darling—what about it?"

Chuckie hesitated. "It's—it's my day for Mr. Miller," he brought out finally. "Mother—do you think Dad will make me go?"

Meta squeezed his thin shoulders. "Oh, I don't think so today, Chuckie! Surely not. Probably he'll take you to lunch or anything you want to do."

"Well, I hope not." He gave her a funny little smile. "I'll tell you," he said—it was a long time since he'd used that expression!—"I don't like it at all, you know. If he asks me I'm going to say I—I just don't want to take those lessons! I don't have to, I guess—do I?"

"No, darling, you don't have to at all. Go ahead now, Chuckie. Have a good time." Her heart added *I wish you weren't going; I want you here with me.* But Chuckie couldn't hear that. He tugged her down so his lips could reach her cheek, and then he went out.

It wasn't very much, really, to remember.

Afterwards, Meta couldn't recall just what she had done that day, where she had been when they told her. Or who had told her, and how. Had it been her father? Had it been Bill? Or had she herself answered the telehpone when it rang? All that mattered was that with the blinding suddenness of earthquake, of some horrible cataclysm, she was on her way to the Selby Flats Hospital because Chuckie—*Chuckie, her son*—had been hurt.

They took turns trying to explain it to her. She had friends there—Ross Boling, Dr. Mary Leland, others who knew her—and they tried to tell her quietly why Chuckie was lying there, bandaged and pale and still as death, unconscious. Afterwards they checked with each other and agreed that it was obvious that she didn't take in a word any of them said. Papa and Trudy and Bill talked to her too; so did Charlotte Brandon, who came at once when she heard the news. She was like stone, they all thought; they waited for her to break down, to cry. Then perhaps she could begin to understand. But they were all quite wrong. Meta understood well enough that because of Ted, Chuckie



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was lying there between life and death. She didn't speak because she needed all her strength for prayer . . . Day after day, and through the nights when they would let her, she sat there beside him or outside in the corridor. She was responsible. She should never have let him go with Ted that day.

Ross Boling, speaking to Charlotte, said, "It makes her feel better to blame herself—gives her something to do, in a way, while she's so helplessly waiting." But actually none of what had happened was Meta's fault. It was . . . well, it was hard to place blame. One of those things. Chuckie had been sent to his boxing lesson that day. He hadn't wanted to go; even Ted admitted that, for Ted White was almost as distraught as his wife when time wore on and Chuckie showed no hopeful signs. He hadn't wanted to go, but Ted had made him. And somehow, during the lesson, he had done something—backed away, not looking, and tripped against the ropes of the ring, and fallen headlong to the floor, striking his head on something there. They never knew what.

UNBEARABLY, it went on; the silent, motionless child, the mother, waiting. The hope growing fainter . . . One day Meta saw color in Chuckie's face. It wasn't imagination. Ross, called quickly by the nurse, confirmed it; but he didn't tell Meta that it wasn't the good sign she had been waiting for. Instead he went quickly out and called a specialist for consultation. They had been afraid of this, inflammation, involvement with the lungs.

She was alone at the hospital, in the corridor, when Chuckie died. Ross had the family called quickly, and the Brandons came too, but somehow Meta eluded them all. The hospital attendants had become so used to seeing her there that they didn't pay much attention. Charlotte had seen her for a few minutes, right after it happened. Then her brother Bill saw her, and later on, when they had searched all over and couldn't find her, he remembered she had said something about wanting a walk. He hadn't taken it seriously, thinking she was too distraught to know what she was saying. But if she had left the hospital, where was she?

It was so logical, when Meta explained it to Joe Roberts. Quite reasonable. Without making any decision, she had taken the direction that led toward Beverly Hills, toward Ted's house. Chuckie needed clothes, she was thinking; a suit to be buried in. The little white suit of which he had been specially fond last summer.

Mrs. Winters saw her too, when she let her in. The news, of course, had come; and the housekeeper was weeping as she tried to say a few words to her former mistress. But Meta just looked at her stonily, and said, "I'm going to get Chuckie's suit."

"Mr. White is in the library, Mrs. White—"

"Don't tell him," Meta cut in. "I don't want to see him."

It was too late; Ted had heard her voice and was standing at the library door. "Meta," he said. "I was praying you would come."

"I don't want to see you," Meta repeated. Then, like a woman in a dream, she turned. "Praying? What do you know about praying?" she asked curiously.

"Come in by the fire," he pleaded. "You're all damp. You've been walking in the fog."

"How solicitous you are, Ted," Mrs. Winters heard her say. She went into the library with slow, dream-like steps, leaving the door open. Mrs. Winters said later that she felt queer about the whole thing. Mrs. White looked so odd; of course it was a terrible time for her and for Mr. White too, but still . . . She lingered and heard Meta say again, "You're the man who's not afraid of anything, Ted. Why do you need to pray?"

Mr. White said something, and there was a sound . . . a drawer opening. Meta didn't remember that, later. She didn't remember opening the desk drawer, didn't know how she'd gotten there. But suddenly Ted's gun was in her hand, and she was seeing with surprise the terrible dawn of fear in Ted's eyes.

"You're frightened! How odd . . . Chuckie isn't afraid any more, you know. Chuckie's dead, Ted. Oh—but you know that. You killed him, didn't you?"

"Meta!" His voice was tense. "Put down that thing. What are you—"

She went on as though he hadn't spoken. "No, Chuckie doesn't have to be afraid any more. Of all those things, the water, the darkness. The boxing, Ted! Think of it. And you're frightened instead, aren't you? That's odd. That you should be afraid of anything, let alone this."

Outside the room, the listening housekeeper heard another sound—movement, she didn't know what. Then everything happened at once—Mr. White's shout of "*Meta!* Don't!" and the simultaneous explosion of the gunshot cutting across his voice. There was one blank, thunderstruck second for realization—another to run into the room. Meta White was still there, the gun in her hand, looking almost absentmindedly at the body as it slumped in its last, horribly final movement.

THAT WAS the story Mrs. Winters told the police when they came in answer to her urgent summons. There was no need for haste. Meta wasn't going anywhere. Meta didn't seem to know what had happened, and the police were irritated when she kept telling them that Chuckie was dead. About Ted White, shot to instant death in his library, she said not a word.

It was a long time before the rest of the story emerged. A piece here and there came from the Bauers, from Charlotte—the gleanings of outsiders who couldn't know precisely what went on between Ted and Meta and Chuckie. Only when Joe Roberts made his strangely important entrance into Meta's life did she begin to talk, to fill in the emotional jigsaw that had finally formed a picture of violent death. As Ray Brandon worked over Meta's defense, he sometimes wondered if Meta herself knew what an impact Joe Roberts had made in her life. Joe knew he was in love with Meta. But nobody knew about Meta. Was it coincidence that when she met Joe she began to seem more normal, more like a real, living woman, a woman in terrible trouble but willing to fight? Or was it something to do with Joe?

Was it, Ray wondered, that Meta White somehow knew that in Joe Roberts she would find again a reason for living?

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THEY ALL KNOW ME!

(*Continued from page* 56) writers. That's like a newly-born herring afraid he might run out of ocean. I soon realized that the number of songwriters in this country is exactly two less than the total population; those two are myself and Roy Rogers' horse—and I'm not too sure about him.

Now that my name is linked with SFS, everyone—and that includes everyone with a song—seems to know me. I am automatically classified as musically bent, despite all my pleas and documented evidence of bad ear drums, scratchy larynx and zero training. I am the prime target of anybody who can draw five fairly parallel lines and splatter ink in between. Elevator operators stop cars between floors to let me in on a sure-fire hit. My dentist leaves me strapped in and stranded with a mouthful of dredging tools while he gargles off thirty-two bars of his latest gem. Everyone has a tune. I'm convinced that Tin Pan Alley runs through every town in the country.

Oddly enough, for a guy who's stupid (basically unversed) in music, my two big breaks have been directly linked with musical successes. Broadway's "Music In My Heart" started my bookings in the better clubs, and Songs For Sale has since won me the emcee spot on the big CBS Saturday night Sing It Again musical extravaganza. Strange doings for a guy who's noticeably gun shy at the sight of a kazoo.

Of course the section of New York's Bronx where I was raised never had much need of formal music at home. We had the usual continuous big city symphony—peanut whistles, car horns, trolley bells, fire sirens. Our family did love music in the theater, however, and especially on the vaudeville stage. My mother used to take me every week when the bill changed at Loew's Boulevard, and there I learned to love show business. My mother was a very sick woman most of her adult life, and her only escape was enjoying good entertainment.

Frequently Mother would be too ill to attend the theater, and I would go alone. When I came home, I tried to recreate all the fun of the eight acts I had seen. Thus my very humble beginning, playing to a small but very important audience of one.

This practice of mimicry first came in handy one night at a teen-age party when I got a crush on the hostess. Seeing my chance to make the big impression, I took a friend of mine aside and hurriedly pieced together a sketch from assorted vaudeville bits. We put on a show at midnight. I was all set to sweep the hostess off her feet when in our last routine I knocked over her mother's pet vase. I was never invited back.

But the evening was not a complete flop. Present at the party were several members of the Cavalier social club. They invited my friend and me to attend their party the following week and entertain for them. I was then invited to join the club, later became its president and arranged shows every Saturday night for two years.

My early ambition had been to study law, but I had to leave high school two years before graduation to work. My father was a textile worker, and I became an errand boy and junior clerk in the dress trade. I enjoyed the work, particularly the selling, but couldn't wait until the summer when I worked as an entertainer at a resort hotel.

An agent saw me perform at a benefit and came backstage to ask me if I had ever worked in Baltimore. "Baltimore, Baltimore, let me see," I mused, knowing I had never worked any city.

"Boy, you're terrific!" he gushed. "They've never seen anything like you. I'll book you there right this minute. It's fifty dollars a week to start. You'll get raises and probably stay there twenty years."

He was very convincing, and it all seemed highly probable. I said enough goodbyes to the neighbors to last them twenty years. All my relatives, father, mother, aunts and uncles came down to Penn Station. Twenty years! . . . I was home before they got to sleep that night.

It happened fast. I arrived at the Two O'Clock Club in Baltimore, did my first show, and the boss came over and said, "You didn't unpack yet, did you, Jan? Well, don't."

"What's the matter?" I inquired. "Didn't you like the show?"

"Don't worry," he assured me. "The next show will be much better." He was right. I wasn't in it.

I was certainly unhappy, and almost quit the business at that precise moment, Baltimore time. Then I calmed down enough to realize that I had failed not through lack of effort, but through a lack of experience. Nothing worthwhile was ever easy.

My next lesson was the opposite extreme, conceit. I landed a spot at Max Rudnick's El Tinge Theater and pocketed forty dollars for my first week's work. Three days later Max astounded me with an unheard of thirty-week contract at eighty-five dollars weekly. I signed and before the ink was dry my head was so big I had to leave through the freight doors. After I had been there six weeks, an agent came backstage and told me if I quit the El Tinge, he would have me on the Kate Smith program in two months.

I sauntered in to ask Max Rudnick to relinquish my contract. He gently advised me that I was not polished enough.

With youthful arrogance I demanded my release. Reluctantly Max gave it to me, and wished me luck with all sincerity. I signed with my new manager.

Not only did I never get on the Kate Smith show, but I didn't get a single job in the six months I was with him. Back I went to the long struggle of small vaudeville houses and minor night spots. Then, suddenly things got better. That is, if you call six years sudden.

I began playing better clubs, was selected by Eddie Davis to act as his own replacement at Leon and Eddie's while he recovered from an illness. It was my first good New York engagement. Next my first Broadway booking at Loew's State. Things were beginning to come my way.

I've had many interesting assignments: guest appearances with the incomparable Hildegarde, a role in a CBS comedy series, a tour of England and France with USO troupes. In each new environment I've learned something. All these associations have proved invaluable, not only in my work but in conversing with our guests on Songs For Sale.

In talking with these newcomers to show business—and songwriting is definitely show business—the number one question, of course, is how do you get started. I can only answer for myself and tell my story as it happened. I'm convinced that there is no magic pattern, no sure-fire formula. Ask the question of any ten performers, you will get ten different stories; all have known different problems, different conditions. The words that recur most often in all are persistence and hard work.

I've grown accustomed to late hours, as has my pretty wife, the former actress Toni Kelly. We never retire before three A.M., a left-over habit from years of working late in night spots. I spend a lot of time with my nine-year-old son Warren, who's firmly convinced that "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" is our national anthem. Little daughter Celia, just eleven months old, so far has confined her activities in this ever-changing world to ever changing. Aside from that, I seriously suspect she may turn out to be musically bent.

Mystery stories are a favorite. I'm a tremendous movie fan too, especially for action pictures. I could enjoy steak and milk (no potatoes or bread, please) three times a day, am too extravagant when I buy a suit, have a collection of Jolson records; in the shower I hit unbelievable notes doing "How Deep Is the Ocean," and qualify for both indoor and outdoor Olympic records as the most unhandy man who never fixed a toaster cord. Lucky for me home-loving Toni is as handy with the pipe wrench and hack saw as she is with needles and noodles.

Confidentially, I hope to regain all prestige lost to mechanical gadgets about the house by my appearance as a graduation exercise notable. Yep. Recently I happened to mention my old Public School 75 on the air; the next day the principal called up and invited me to their graduation ceremonies. He even asked me to be present on the platform as a distinguished alumnus. I plan to place my entire clan in the audience and have them properly impressed with my importance. Toaster cords, phooey!

Just one thing haunts me. Since the principal heard me on SFS, maybe he, too, thinks I'm musically bent. Possibly he may even have the big mahogany piano placed, expecting me to grind out a few thousand decibels of Debussy.

Won't anyone believe me? I love Songs for Sale . . . I love the people . . . I love the music. But honest, I'm just not bent thataway.

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Hair styles by Shirlee Collins

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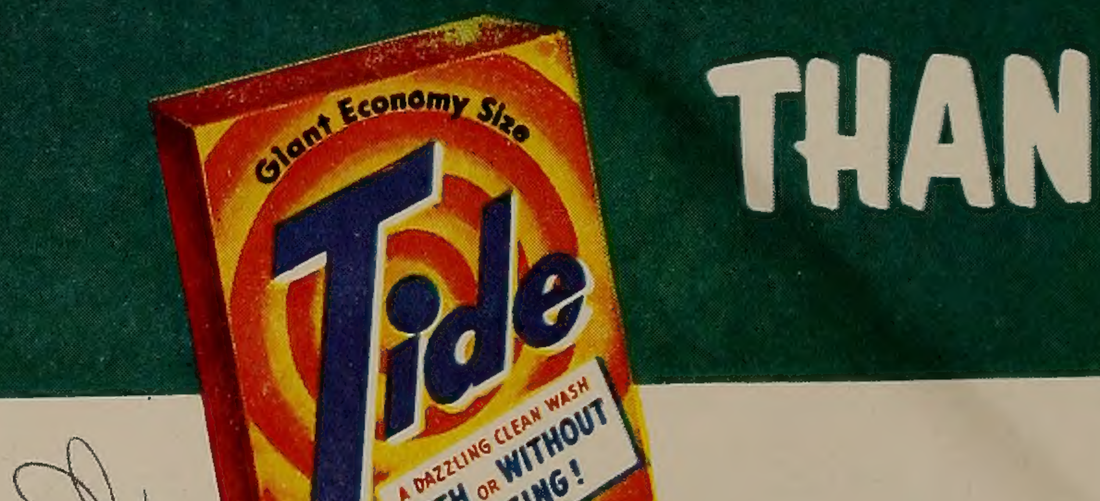
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